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## The Week

ACCORDING to present prospects the Washington Conference will adjourn about or before the middle of January. It is undoubtedly better that it should adjourn. Its fine moment occurred on the first day, when the American government showed its faith in the method of conference by proposing a limitation of naval armaments which implicitly renounced any future attempt to have its way in the Pacific by means of war. This overture was accepted by the two chief naval powers. They agreed to a limitation of naval armaments which rendered it impossible for them also to bring about future political changes in the Pacific by force. The appropriate result of this renunciation of any competition in naval armament was the Four Power Treaty which brought into existence a mechanism of future consultation. In our opinion the achievement even of this partial Pacific Concert is a long step away from war and towards peace which will give to the Conference an honorable name in history. So apparently the members of the Conference believed for, once having achieved the Treaty, they immediately wearied of well-doing. Thereafter the leadership passed away from the American government and was taken over by France, Great Britain and Japan. They behaved as governments have always behaved in the past. That is they bickered and bargained. After a brilliant dawn and at least a decent morning, the afternoon and evening of the Conference were gloomy, sordid and stormy.

ALTHOUGH the bad boy of the Conference was France, whose government in substance refused to consider any limitation of armaments unless it was allowed to have its own way in Europe, we Americans have no reason to congratulate ourselves on the later performance of our other two associates in the Four Power Treaty. When governments propose to abandon force as the instrument of political change in one particular region and substitute conference for it, they bind themselves to a method which will not work unless they all agree to act thereafter upon certain common principles of international decency. They bind themselves, that is, to bring about by agreement the kind of political change which has in the past required a war to effect. But the British and Japanese governments have not placed any such interpretation on their obligations under the new association. They have conceded little or nothing of the legal and illegal privileges which they obtained by fraud and force in China and Siberia. If the new concert continues to operate as it has operated during the Conference, it may serve as an obstacle to beneficial political changes in the Far East rather than as a promoter of them. For this reason we trust that either before the end of the Conference or as soon as it is over the American government will frankly express dissatisfaction with its results in this respect and will pledge itself to work for better future results. If it fails to make some such demonstration, it will forfeit the valuable friendship of the Chinese nationalists and lead them to suspect that the Four Power Treaty will work as the old Anglo-Japanese alliance worked—that it will convert the new associates of Japan like the former ally into her accomplices.


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MR. ROOT was no doubt governed by considerations of humanity and traditional international law in offering his resolutions for the regulation of the use of the submarine. The fact remains that in the present diplomatic struggle between France and England, the Root resolutions support the side of England. The only contingency in which France might need submarines would be war with England. The submarine has proved itself a terrible weapon against merchant shipping, but of no great value against ships of war. England could never be brought to terms by submarine attacks upon her dreadnaughts and cruisers, but only by the destruction of the merchant ships on which she depends for her supplies. If the submarine is debarred from attacking merchant ships, it is useless. If it must observe all the rules of visit and search, and sink no ship until passengers and crew have been placed in safety—unless open boats on the high seas count as places of safety—the submarine is nearly useless. Under the precedents of blockade established in the late war, England, commanding the surface of the seas, could easily cut off all sea borne traffic with France, and even limit narrowly French traffic across her land frontiers. France could merely burden British traffic with rather heavy insurance rates.

ASSUMING that England and France are potential enemies it ought to be the duty of America, as an impartial friend, to oppose any arrangements that place the one too much at the mercy of the other. The abolition of the submarine, or too narrow a limitation upon its use, places France at a serious disadvantage as compared with England. Possibly a makeweight could be devised on the other side of the scales. The arming of merchant ships might be rigorously excluded; also the conversion of merchant ships into naval auxiliaries. The principles of contraband and blockade might be overhauled and freed from recent accretions that give too great a relative advantage to sea power. It seems evident, however, that not much of value to either nation can come out of attempts to equalize fighting advantages. Such quality would be artificial at best and could not long be maintained. Peace between England and France will never rest securely upon mutual fear, but upon a realization of the fact that war would be insanity. It would inevitably ruin both powers and throw the crown of European hegemony across the Rhine.

BOIES PENROSE belonged to a type of American political leader which both in his good and his bad characteristics is passing away. He was a product of the period when the Republican political machine was a powerful and masterful agency of government and when political bosses were in some cases genuine leaders and possessed loyal followers. In their own bailiwicks they possessed an authority similar to that of feudal lords. They inspired at their best the same intensity of allegiance and they used their power for the purpose of rewarding faithful retainers and depriving those who were hostile of all the privileges and emoluments of office. But, of course, they really did not mind partisan hostility. That was part of the game. The one unforgivable sin from their point of view was partisan or personal infidelity. Penrose was probably the ablest and the most unscrupulous embodiment of this type. Although a reprobate or a buccaneer, he imposed a likable and strong personality on both friend and foe. He will have no successor. Since he came to the front the Republican political organization has lost its unity and its self-confidence. Its bosses at least in the East have ceased to be leaders and have become only manipulators, intriguers and demagogs. They inspired little loyalty on the part of their retainers or of the rank and file. On the other hand they do not inspire very much opposition. Penrose and Company were powerful enough to become an issue. Those who take their places are tolerated and almost despised. American partisan politics is ceasing to be exciting ever to politicians.

THERE is no excuse and no defence for the preliminary report of the Select Committee of the United States Senate on Haiti. It implicitly recognized some of the flagrant evils of the existing military government of the island by recommending the substitution of a civilian High Commissioner, but it practically ignored the disgraceful facts about the American occupation of the island which were brought out by the testimony, and it said nothing and recommended nothing which looked in the direction of repairing past injustice and of arranging even for eventual and contingent evacuation. The story of American intervention in Haiti bears a remarkable likeness to that of the Japanese conquest of Korea. In each case the territory of the neighboring weaker state was of strategic value to the stronger. In each case the opportunities for exploitation of the less by the more "civilized" nation were tempting. In each case disreputable and corrupt native government offered pretexts for interference in the interests of good roads, sanitation and sound finance. In each case a treaty was forced upon the weaker nation

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subversive of its sovereignty. In each case the government of the weaker nation was abolished by force of arms. In each case the military occupation resulted in persecution of the native inhabitants by arrest, torture and murder. In each case an unscrupulous government concealed its proceedings by rigid censorship (that of the United States being by far the more complete) and when the censorship was broken an apathetic public opinion refused to hear or to heed any of the victims. The Senate Committee runs true to form in making itself accessory after the fact to this deplorable Haitian record of the American government.

THE New York Times is publishing a very remarkable series of editorials on the release of Debs. The series is not remarkable for its logic. It rolls into one the record of Debs in the Pullman strike, his offence under the Sedition act, his present opinions and his presumptive future propaganda, and assumes that all this has a bearing on the question whether Debs had suffered adequately for the specific offence for which he was sentenced. Nor is the series remarkable for its legal acumen. The writer assumes, no doubt in good faith, that Debs was convicted of treason, instead of sedition, an offence committed, by the way, by thousands of opponents of the government's war financial policy, who were never even molested. What makes the series really remarkable is its dramatic exhibition of impotent rage. Such hissings, snarls, gnashings of teeth rarely occur except under pressure of a strait jacket. And it is still more remarkable as the extreme negation of political intelligence. The Times writer actually asserts that President Harding and Secretary Daugherty liberated Debs under the influence of revolutionary and radical agitation. He actually believes that a man with so sure an instinct for majorities as President Harding was misled into obeying the will of an unpopular minority. This writer must stand near indeed to the border line of genius.

UNTIL it is proven we shall doubt the authenticity of the document published by the delegates of the Far Eastern Republic purporting to establish a Franco-Japanese negotiation for imperialistic aggression in Siberia. The document is too apropos to seem realistic. It reminds one of the Sisson documents of infamous memory. But it must be confessed that the contents of M. Sarraut's denial does not tend toward the discrediting of the document. M. Sarraut alludes to the Allied policy of military intervention in Siberia, "directed only against Germany and not at all with the aim of intervention in internal politics of the Russian people." He must take us for a population of babes and sucklings if he thinks we can swallow such an interpretation of the Siberian enterprise engineered by France and morally whitewashed by the Wilson administration. After all, what is there so unreasonable in the assumption that France might have wished to transport the Wrangel army to Vladivostok? Nobody denies that France recognized Wrangel and backed him to the limit, expressly for the purpose of intervening in Russian internal politics. Wrangel and France were beaten in the Crimea; is it to be supposed that they accepted defeat as final and refused to consider the one other possibility of rehabilitating their plans by intervention from Vladivostok? And is it to be supposed that Japan was not sounded on the matter? We do not believe, without proof, that the French were so stupid as to embody the negotiations in a document that could be copied or stolen. But that is the sum of our unbelief.

AGAIN we hear talk of a definitive statement of the indemnity question to be achieved when the Allied statesmen and financiers meet at Cannes. But nobody really believes that any such settlement can be reached at this time. A real settlement involves fixing the amount of the indemnity at a figure which makes payment possible. But the Treaty of Versailles and the succeeding negotiations at Spa and London confirmed the French public in the hope that a vastly larger figure could be realized. The French government has shaped its financial policy on the basis of the exaggerated indemnity expectations it created. Shall it acknowledge the truth now? That would be to wreck the political fortunes of every man now connected with the government. And French politicians are human. Their own personal fortunes weigh more heavily with them than the reconstruction of Europe, or even the ultimate prosperity of France.

FINANCIAL London, it is reported, feels strongly that Germany ought to make a desperate effort to place her domestic budget in order by cutting down expenditures on the public services and on subsidies. It also believes that the eight hour day ought to be abolished and a host of governmental measures in behalf of the working class rescinded. In these views financial London is in harmony with the Stinnes group in Germany, which would substitute pure capitalism for the present democratic German state. It is pretended that the reform would increase the amount of indemnity Germany could raise, but it is not at all clear how this result would actually be attained. Before Germany can pay more she must produce and export

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more. At present practically all Germans are working, and probably as hard as an underfed population can work. Cut off the bread subsidies and increase the cost of supplies by raising transportation rates: will that give a new zest to labor, or will it rather produce widespread disorder? Germany is exporting now everything she can find a market for. A twelve-hour day would not create new markets. Germany needs domestic reforms, no doubt, but the reform most needed and most likely to prove conducive to peace and democracy, is to make Stinnes and the rest of the German profiteers pay taxes according to their ability. That is what the Wirth government is trying to do.

TURNING hardened criminals loose to prey at the expiration of their prison term is so stupid a policy that it would not be tolerated for a moment if it did not have a long tradition behind it. It is, however, a tradition with two edges. If it sanctions the release of persons who are still a menace to society, it also sanctions the detention in prison of persons who would not be a menace if set free. Judge Rosalsky's plan of sentences without a specific term, the persons convicted to remain in prison until a board of parole decided that they were fit to be at large, would have much to recommend it if it could be applied with logical consistency and expert intelligence. But before it could be so applied the idea of vengeance would have to be extirpated from the criminal law and the idea of reformation unqualifiedly accepted. Our penal institutions would have to become entirely, what they have never been except in part and sporadically, hospitals for the treatment of moral diseases. We have no doubt that such a reform, carried out in good faith, would notably diminish crime. But is public opinion sufficiently enlightened to carry it out in good faith? The thirst for vengeance is still strong even among the most civilized peoples.

## The Cannes Conference and After

THE first six months of the new year may well rank among the most momentous and critical in the history of Europe. It looks as if in the near future the political and economic wreckage, which the war left tossing about on the highways of the sea and which the Treaty of Peace has only increased in amount, will, unless it is removed, render commercial travelling impossible. The British Premier is clearly bracing himself to perform the operation. He is starting from the sensible assumption that the European nations must mitigate their political dissensions before they can ask America to come to their economic assistance; and he undoubtedly intends if possible to bring such mitigation about. It is high time. If the wreckage keeps on accumulating, most of the governments of Europe will necessarily default on their obligations, and the default will bring to pass incalculably subversive political and economic consequences. Yet necessary as it is to mitigate the political dissensions which will underly the economic default, it seems beyond even the power of such a master in political necromancy as Mr. Lloyd George to compose the irreconcilable ingredients in the European political mess.

The chief insurgent is, of course, France. There is, unfortunately no doubt about the grave obstacle to the recovery of Europe and to the peace of the world which the most recent phase of the Anglo-French quarrel has uncovered. The two former Allies are snarling at each other far more openly and viciously than either of them dared to snarl at Germany before the war; and back of the public recrimination there is reviving the old suspicion and antagonism which characterized for several centuries the attitude of the French and the English peoples towards each other. Their governments approach from entirely different points of view the problem of European peace and reconstruction. The New Republic has frequently analyzed the differences between them and has frequently expressed its own preference for the English policy of general cooperation and reconstruction as contrasted with the French policy of security and prosperity at the expense, if necessary, of her neighbors. It is the irreconcilability and virulence of the French attitude which Mr. Lloyd George must placate or remove before Europe can resume anything like a stable and satisfactory political and economic condition.

From across the Atlantic and taking into account only the superficial facts the task looks impossible. He can apparently placate France only by concessions which would continue to place insuperable obstacles in the way of European recovery. Yet if he does not appease France and the French government decides to denounce the Entente and run amuck in Europe, there would also come to an end any present prospect of European recovery. In the past he has always appeased France by consenting to an economic and political policy towards Germany which was destructive of Central European prosperity, but he proposes now to find a remedy for the sickness of Europe, instead of a healing balm for the wounds of France, he must refuse to negotiate another of the futile bargaining make-shifts of the past few years. He must play for a genuine and permanent solution; and if he fails to get it, he must char-

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France with responsibility for the failure before the world and visit on her the full penalty of moral and political isolation.

It looks now, no less than it looked last June, as if France would sooner or later break away and bring down on her own people and the other peoples of Europe the awful catastrophe of a policy of unlicensed national military self-assertion. But appearances may again be deceptive. A certain portion of the French irreconcilability is undoubtedly assumed for trading purposes. The French threats to build submarines, to maintain armaments, and to extract from Germany every penny of an impossible indemnity are uttered for the purpose of increasing the value of her own stock in trade and of forcing her associates to purchase it, if at all, at a higher price. Candid Frenchmen realize with painful intensity and clarity the awful danger to France and to Europe of the complete isolation which they are themselves threatening to choose. Probably they do not intend to carry out the threat. But they realize also the temporary irresistibility of their army, and if they cannot use it to dominate Europe, they propose to sell their forebearance at the highest possible price. It is a perilous and unscrupulous game, but it does not mean that the French government will follow through or that the French nation after having completely alienated the Russians, the Germans and the Italians will dare to teach Englishmen also to regard France with inappeasable fear and suspicion.

It remains to be seen whether Lloyd George can buy France off with any concessions which will not have the effect of merely prolonging the present agony and preventing any thoroughgoing recovery of Europe. He certainly has prepared a plan. He recognizes the need on France's part of guarantees against a revival of German and Russian militarism. He is, we infer, ready to place an English guarantee behind the eastern frontier of France, provided France will agree to evacuate and neutralize the Rhenish provinces and will reduce the indemnity. He will probably try to include Italy in the arrangement, and there is an Italian group, headed by ex-Premier Nitti, which favors Italian participation. It is entirely possible that the French government will agree to some measure of disarmament and appeasement on these terms, but it is much more doubtful whether any French government will accept the further stipulation which Lloyd George may and, in our opinion, should seek to embody in the contract. He wishes probably to secure German and if possible Russian consent to the guarantee of French territory, and he wishes in return to give Germany and the other members of the partnership a similar guarantee of inviolability. He will try, we believe, to organize a European concert based fundamentally on a general renunciation of territorial ambitions. Such is surely the only possible permanently satisfactory solution of the problem of national armaments and national security in Europe, and Lloyd George knows it. In the long run there can be no security for one nation which is not security for all nations.

Such is in all probability the general plan which Lloyd George wishes to approach through a series of conferences culminating in a kind of constituent assembly of European peace. France is not at present ready to accept any course so destructive of her existing artificial political and economic predominance. The French government will seek to drive a very different bargain, which will look to the traditional military alliances with Great Britain and other nations. The object of such alliances would be to perpetuate by international guarantees the artificially important position in Europe which France obtained as the result of Russian, German and Austrian defeat. If such is its object we hope that the British government will not flinch from refusing, even though France threatens in the event of refusal to pursue an isolated policy. The threat is largely a bluff which in the opinion of good observers a French government would not dare to follow up. Even if the French push themselves in an exposed position from which they will find it difficult to withdraw without a fatal loss of prestige, we believe that the threat demands the kind of an answer which the shrewd poker player uses to a suspected bluff. The more the French government wagers upon the attempt of France as a second rate power to dominate Europe the more France will ultimately lose and will deserve to lose. Politics in Europe will remain an impossible exchange of recriminations until France either ceases to pretend she is so much more important and powerful than she really is or else has her pretensions exposed.

## War and Christian Ethics

SIX hundred years ago Dante in his treatise De Monarchia called the attention of Christians to the most obvious failure of Christianity. The promise made to mankind on the birth of Christ was peace. The angels who heralded His coming did not announce happiness or prosperity or even love; they declared glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will. The promise was not fulfilled. The question why, in spite of centuries of professed Christianity,

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there is no peace on earth, no prospect of peace and only a meagre devotion to peace has not in the meantime greatly troubled the Christian conscience. There have, of course, been Protestant sects whose members have refused to participate in war, but their convictions and behavior have brought no peace to the Christian community as a whole. The Christian church, meaning by that term the whole body of church-goers, in spite of their nominal allegiance to Christian ethics, have not in their attitude towards war and in their willingness to rejoice in it, to connive at it, or to endure it, differed essentially from people who did not pretend to be Christians.

Recently the Christian peoples have fought out among themselves one of the most wanton and destructive wars in history. The Christian Church did nothing to prevent its occurrence or to urge its termination and very little to counteract, alleviate or repair its ravages on the souls of individual Christians. An Anglican religious journal, The Churchman, is literally truthful in using the following words to describe the behavior of professing Christians during the war:

> The churches among all the warring nations shared the sins of their governments. We hated as our governments bade us hate. We spread lies about our enemies, as those lies were meted out to us in official propaganda. We taught unforgiveness, even as our rulers and diplomats inspired us to do. Wherein did we show the spirit of Christ in these things?

Every candid observer must admit the entire truth of this indictment. There were individuals, some of them professing Christians and some not, who withstood this avalanche of untruth and malevolence and who did their best to exhibit towards the Germans the same attitude of forbearance and justice that Lincoln throughout the Civil War exhibited towards the Southerners. But many of them were sent to jail, and those who, while loyally supporting the war, merely tried to fight it and discuss its issues in the spirit of Lincoln, which is a modern version of the spirit of Christ, were denounced as unclean beasts with the apparent approval of the great majority of the Christian community.

The Churchman proposes a drastic remedy for this flagrant contradiction between Christian ethics and the behavior of Christian peoples.

> Nothing will end war except the conviction dominating the Church that war is sin. When the Christian churches become convinced that for nations to fall to killing one another, hating one another, lying about one another in order that they may hate one another, then only will wars be made to cease throughout the world.

It proposes that the Christian churches should in their future attitude towards all war stigmatize it as sinful. They in its opinion, "should refuse to bless any war." Such a remedy, it admits, "might have grim consequences," but "governments would hesitate to appeal to arms while the Christian conscience decreed that war is sin." The Churchman adds that "all nations should repent together of their commercial selfishness and so remove the causes of war."

The New Republic has the utmost sympathy with any Christian journal which has the courage to insist on the contradiction between a sincerely Christian life and the pugnacious moral self-righteousness of contemporary Christian communities. We fully agree with the Churchman in believing that the Christian churches should refuse to bless any war. War is hell and when the Christian clergy bless it they are in our opinion betraying their Master. But the refusal to bless war is not equivalent to the absolute repudiation of all war. The world being what it is, conscientious people are frequently urged to consent to enterprises of which they cannot wholly approve. Whether or not a people shall fight a war is not usually a choice between a good and an evil. It is almost always a choice between two evils, and sometimes war may be the less of the two evils. When the Northern states decided to resist by force the secession of the South and the establishment on American soil of a commonwealth with Negro slavery as its peculiar and dominant institution, they selected in our opinion the less of two evils. When the United States decided in April, 1917, to take part in the European War rather than connive at German victory by consenting to the submarine campaign, it also selected in our opinion the less of two evils. If consent to a particular war is the less of two evils, participation in war is not necessarily sinful except in so far as the imperfection of all human life renders it sinful. As a general principle the presumption is against war, but war remains for the present an apparently unavoidable method of preventing worse evils than itself.

The Christian churches have failed their Master in their attitude towards war not because they have declined always to oppose it but because they have so often gloried in it. In proclaiming the sinfulness of war and in proposing to get rid of it by holding it up to professing Christians as a violation of Christian ethics, the Churchman is ignoring the psychological realities of existing Christianity. A large majority of professing Christian

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have not even a suspicion of the unchristianity of war. So far from repenting of their behavior during the recent war, they look back on the lying and the hating and the glorification of force without any sense of compunction. The Continent, which is a Presbyterian journal, expresses the obvious retort of popular Christianity to the Churchman. "It is a fact that the Churches do not dare to teach that all and every war is sin, but the reason why they do not dare is simply because it is not true." It is only people who begin wars who commit sin, but if a war is once begun those who accept the challenge and fight it out are actually delivered from sin in the eyes of God. The Great War is from the point of view of this spokesman of Calvinism not a sin. It is not even an evil. It is an example of the good government of the world and on the part of the Allied people of one hundred percent Christianity. It demonstrated that the "sword of the Lord and Gideon still avails to smite the arrogant to the ground and clear a path for the coming of the kingdom of heaven on earth."

As long as differences as radical as this exist as to the meaning of Christianity, it is of no avail to invoke, as the Churchman does, the Christian conscience as the enemy of war. The Christian conscience is not in a position to operate. The majority of Christians, with a majority of the Christian clergy at their head, believe in the sword as an appropriate weapon of the kingdom of heaven on earth. They believe in the conception of holy wars; and they would justify any lying, hating or glorification of military force which the Allies may have committed on the ground of the moral invulnerability of their cause. The Lord would overlook a lot of unrighteous behavior because they had righteousness on their side. The Churchman condemns war as sinful partly because it provokes men to lie in order that they may hate. But for the Christian who believes in a Holy War the very holiness of the cause is itself a sufficient excuse for hating and for lying. The contradiction could not be more complete. Yet both conceptions of war are proclaimed as unquestionably true by Christians with good consciences.

The clergy should brace themselves to recognize the consequence of this want of integrity in the prevailing Christian conscience. It disqualifies Christianity, as it now exists, from becoming for faithful Christians the guide to a way of private and public life. Christian truth in its prevailing interpretation does not provide the clergy with any body of knowledge or standard of practice which enable them to give reality to the vision of peace on earth to men of good will. The politicians dictate to the clergy whether or not they should consent to war, not the clergy to the politicians. It is because the current interpretation of Christianity is ambiguous and permits the sanctification of wars whose justification has nothing to do with religious truth that political policy ignores moral obligation and religious guidance.

Those who trace the calamities and the moral and social disintegration of today to the impotence of religion to deal with the political and economic activities of modern life have a preliminary task to perform before they can bring an authoritative body of Christian truth to their assistance. They must reform Christianity, as it is currently interpreted, before they can call on Christianity to reform individual and social life in this world. There is a profound lesion at the present time, due chiefly to the divorce of religion from science, between Christian ethics in its prevailing interpretation and human life as we are coming to know that it must be lived in this world. For centuries the Christian clergy have flourished before their flocks bribes for doing good and penalties for doing evil which were demoralizing in so far as they were effective, which possessed no justification in the prevailing knowledge of human nature and which repudiated Jesus' own conception of the consummate Christian spirit as internal integrity and holiness. There is a close spiritual kinship between a moral cosmology which contrasts a black hell for the wicked with a white heaven for the good and a moral cosmology which turns holy wars into a preparation for the Kingdom of God on earth. But fortunately current Christianity is gradually forsaking the reward-and-punishment morality and it must soon seek a substitute. The time seems propitious, consequently, for Christians to face candidly these ambiguous interpretations of Christian ethics and to try and reach some agreement about what Christian truth means in relation to life. The Christian church needs a formulation of a way of life which will do for the distracted Christian practice of today what the Nicene Creed did for the distracted Christian metaphysics of the fourth century.

But the Christian clergy cannot bestow vitality on the Christian conscience and integrity on Christian truth merely by examining the sacred writings and deciding, say, in favor of the morality of the New Testament rather than the morality of the Old. Neither is it merely a matter of what Jesus meant, important as that matter is for sincere Christians. It is also a question of what we have come to know human nature and human life are. For we are not seeking a kind of salvation which will accrue in another world as a consequence of what we have done in this world, but a way of life

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which will do something to increase the intrinsic moral value of human beings here and now. If this search is to assume the form of a religious as well as a secular enterprise, its success will call for a cooperative relationship between what Christians mean by salvation and what modern science has come to mean by the fulfillment of human nature. Such a reunion of science and religion would afford a prospect that Christianity may yet redeem the promise of peace on earth and good will to men which was born with Christ. Peace is a remote ideal and only a partial benefit in a society which holds human life as cheap and is as indifferent to its integrity and possible perfectibility as is the state-intoxicated and money-mad society of today. If Christians want peace, they must convert the Christian churches into instruments of a religious education, the object of which will be to find a way to make human life intrinsically more precious. As long as the problem of obtaining peace is stated as chiefly a matter of government, the Christian testimony in its favor cannot do much more than waste itself in conscientious objection. It is only by stating the problem in educational terms, as the problem of creating human beings who will associate the fulfillment of their own with the fulfillment of other peoples' lives, that Christians will make any headway towards the realization of their Master's vision.

## Preparing Our Shipping for War

IT is not yet possible to forecast the details of the policy of aid to shipping that President Harding will recommend. But aid of some kind he is pledged to recommend. He is committed against the wasteful eighteenth century policy of an American monopoly created by discriminatory customs duties levied upon imports in foreign bottoms. Therefore whatever aid is given to shipping will have to take the form of direct appropriations of public funds. The subsidies may be gauged to cover the estimated excess in labor cost under the American flag, or may be distributed on a basis of mileage, or speed or motive power, or a combination of these and other factors. They may be primarily navigation bounties or construction bounties. Whatever the basis of distribution, the aggregate annual appropriation required will be a large sum. The prematurely disclosed report of one of the committees that are working over the material put the direct appropriation at $30,000,000 annually. That will prove, we think, a very modest estimate. We do not ourselves see ten million tons of ocean shipping raised out of the present depression by a $30,000,000 subsidy.

Let us assume, however, that only $30,000,000 annually will be demanded. What arguments can the subsidy seekers present that will convince the average citizen and the agricultural bloc that an overburdened treasury ought to be loaded with this additional expense? It will not be possible to convince anyone that by voting a subsidy we shall provide ourselves with a service that could not otherwise be had. There are too many ships on the seas for the work that is to be done. Both American and foreign ports are encumbered with ships which can find no freights. Any cargo can be sent anywhere, nowadays, at rates that barely cover costs. And this condition will remain unchanged through several years, unless the progress of European reconstruction takes on a miraculous acceleration. The wheat growers and cotton growers can not be made to believe that their product will move more cheaply across the Atlantic in consequence of any subsidy policy. They can not be made to believe that they will find better markets or more satisfactory prices on account of it. The argument of general gain, which has been worked so effectively in the past to secure agrarian support for industrial protection, simply will not work in this case. There will be no profit in wasting breath on it.

But there are other arguments. Do we not need a merchant marine as an auxiliary of our naval power? In time of war, shall we not need a host of swift ships to serve as fuel carriers for our ships of war, as transports if we are to engage in land campaigns overseas? And it is the swift ship especially which we find difficulty in operating at a profit. Unfortunately for the subsidy seekers the assumptions of this argument are diametrically opposed to the assumptions underlying the policy which now stands nearest to the heart of the American people, naval disarmament and the insurance of peace on the seas by international agreement. It would be absurd to try to end the race in warship building, only to set in motion a race in construction of ships that can be converted into navy auxiliaries. It would be absurd to cut the navy personnel to a minimum, only to try to build up the mercantile marine a personnel that could promptly be drawn into naval service. America is sincere in her advocacy of naval disarmament. But she will find it hard to convince the world of her sincertiy if she engages in a policy which historically has always worn a bellicose aspect.

It will be argued, no doubt, that our export trade will not be allowed to prosper if it is dependent upon the service of foreign shipping. If a British ship has its choice between an American cargo and a British cargo, can there be any doubt that it will

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give a preference to its nationals? That would be only human. An American ship, let us hope, would give preference to American freights, if all other conditions were equal. But let us not forget that only a prosperous industry can afford preferences. And ocean shipping is not prosperous now, nor will it be for years to come. Every ship owner, American, British, Scandinavian, or Japanese, is glad to get a paying cargo, of whatever nationality. If American goods are not moving abroad so freely as we should like, that is for reasons quite independent of the condition of navigation. What the case may be in five years or ten it is impossible to predict. In the meantime it would be hard to defend an outlay of thirty millions a year to defeat a form of discrimination which does not exist.

It has existed in the past. Everyone knows something of the effectiveness of the ante bellum combination of German industrial exporters, subsidized navigation companies, international banking houses and clever local agents. That combination was powerful enough to seize a particular market, say in Latin America, and expel rival traders from it. While it existed, it would have been unreasonable to expect that American goods forwarded by German lines would receive equal treatment. The great Japanese navigation lines were part of a similar nationalistic combination. They may be operating on the same principles still. There is no doubt that this policy was gaining headway with other nations as well. Nor is there any doubt that it placed handicaps in the way of the trade of nations underequipped with shipping under the national flag.

But neither is there any doubt that this form of economic nationalism, or more properly economic imperialism, was a potent factor in creating the conditions that made the Great War inevitable. If a nation must fight with subsidies for the simple right of exchanging its goods without discrimination for foreign goods in neutral markets, it will naturally look forward to another kind of fighting, which may produce more conclusive results. Just recall the trade psychology of Germany in the decade preceding the war. It was full of fighting conceptions: the fight for tropical materials, the fight for control of this market or that. The statistics of relative exports to Argentina were studied as eagerly as the details of a battle. And the resulting mood made for acceptance of war as a national necessity.

Now, it may be that the time will come when the nations again are mad enough to make commerce a form of war. It may be that in order to sell honest goods in a market where they are needed we shall have to send to that market men skilled in all the forms of cut throat competitition we try to eliminate from our domestic business. It may be that we shall have to establish banks to help American trade and hurt that of other nations; subsidize ships to carry our goods cheap and to discriminate in charges and service against the goods of other nations; organize our industries to sell at high prices at home and at low prices abroad. We may have to do these things, but if we do, let us not delude ourselves as to their tendency. They make for war.

Shipping subsidy policies have always been pursued with view to the contingency of war. Their only adequate justification is the advantage of a national marine in time of war. They are provocative of war, as battleships are, but more insidiously, since in the guise of fostering peaceful commerce they inaugurate the economic war that ripens in the end to armed warfare.

In the light of present international tendencies, are we justified in assuming that nothing can come of the movement for peace on the seas, and therefore in adopting a policy that has always made for war, and always will? Or is it not more in harmony with our national ideals to bend our efforts to putting an end to discriminatory policies in ocean navigation? There is no obvious reason why the principles of impartial public service should not be applied to the instrumentalities of ocean transportation. An international agreement to this effect should not be unattainable, especially in an epoch like the present when most shipping concerns are in no position to discriminate against freights of whatever origin. At least it ought to be tried before we throw indefinite millions into the gulf of deficits involved in an industry which according to its own spokesmen can never be self-supporting if it must maintain its personnel on an American plane of decent living.

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# What's the Matter With Boston?

HAS Boston any decent citizens? Or has the one-time stronghold of Puritanism, the nursery of self-respect, the boast of all that refinement, culture and rectitude can mean, gone rotten to the core?

A judge of the Massachusetts Supreme Court is under indictment. The charge doesn't matter nor the truth or falsity of it. The Attorney General of the state is likewise under indictment. The District Attorney of Suffolk County is just going to trial. The District Attorney of Middlesex County—which runs right up to Boston's back door—has been convicted of misfeasance, malfeasance and nonfeasance in office and has been removed.

The citizens generally have just begun to wake up to the fact that the famous police strike that blossomed into a Vice-Presidency, no matter what it meant for Coolidge, has meant for Boston a police force composed in certain instances, at least, of burglars, gun-men and lesser lights in the galaxy of criminals. The banks of the city forced the banking commissioner of the state to close some of the smaller and more dangerously run trust companies—and it took the boldness of a Ponzi's operations to produce the action. And now Boston has elected James M. Curley, a man with a prison record, Mayor of the city for four years. He hadn't a friend among the bosses nor among the newspapers, with one exception. In fact he was entirely friendless—except for the 76,000 who voted for him.

There has been a lot of wailing since election, but in all of it only this seems to be sure; if Curley is the sort of man the citizens of Boston want for their Mayor, then the citizens of Boston are the sort of men—and women—who want a man like Curley for Mayor. So the query becomes pertinent—are there any decent citizens left in Boston?

To get any idea of this recent elevation to office of Mr. Curley, one must realize what the man has done. Not only the Good Government Association—the organization of business men and "business men's candidates"—was against him, but also every political boss worth mentioning, all the political array: Martin Lomasney, who had delivered the vote of the Irish-Jew-Greek-hybrid Ward 5 since time immemorial; Charles H. Innes of Ward 7, Mayor Peters, ex-Mayor Fitzgerald, State Senators Donovan and Green, whose "social clubs" never fail to "follow the leader"—all these and many more even less worth mentioning; every newspaper in the city except two, the Evening Telegram, which hysterically out-Hearsted Hearst in supporting Curley, and the Daily Globe, always honest and respectable and always neutral in political brawls. Yet Curley carried three of Lomasney's seven precincts, a feat never before performed since Martin took charge of the political destinies of the "West End," and he carried not only the wards but also the home precincts of his two strongest opponents. He swept even Republican wards.

Things had been running smoothly for the banner bearers of "Law and Order" ever since the Uriah Heep of politics pilfered the slogan from history and with it very nearly won the driver's seat on the Republican steam roller, model of 1920. The eyes of the entire nation were centred on Boston during the police strike, which lifted Mr. Coolidge into national prominence over night, and the plaudits of the law and order group rang from coast to coast as the strike was won with the spiritual support, if not the physical presence, of the Governor of Massachusetts. The nation had to undergo only the Coolidge disillusion, a rather inane disillusion at that, while Boston still suffers from the new police force under the sole direction and domination of Police Commissioner Edwin U. Curtis.

New York business men returning from visits to Boston have reported that that city has the best police force in the world. Possibly they mean the uniforms, which are very snappy. Boston has the impression that Mr. Curtis has fitted out the handsomest of his recruits with white gloves and belts and has taught them to handle automobile traffic, while the remainder have been given guns clubs and authority and have been turned loose like a gang of bandits to rape the city. It is a matter of record that this force has to its credit (?) a string of larcenies, drunkennesses, clubbings killings and assaults on women which would arouse the envy of a Prussian war governor. Here are a few cases in point:

Bernard Steinhauser, new policeman, on April 30, 1921, fired two shots into the stomach of Louis Quitt, Jew and alleged bootlegger, killing him in broad daylight in crowded Court Street alleging afterwards that the prisoner had jostled him in an effort to dislodge a bottle of evidence so it would be destroyed. Steinhauser was sentenced to six months for manslaughter.

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Patrolman Thomas Owens, friend of policeman Steinhauser, was given nine months for contempt of court for trying to influence the jury in Steinhauser's favor.

Patrolman Ozias Beauregard is to be tried for criminally assaulting Miss Olga Rathgeb of Jamaica Plain. He was not discharged from the police force. He resigned.

Policemen Frederick H. Webster, Ernest R. Martin, John A. Lohorne and several others were indicted in a group in November, 1920, for offences of various kinds.

One could go on citing cases. They are in the records, and the official files and records have more space than these columns afford at this time. But in passing let us cite what happened to Captain James P. Sullivan of the City Hall Avenue Police Station. He prosecuted many of these cases and early last March he was transferred to Police Headquarters. After one day there he resigned and for a few days Boston believed it was because of ill health. Then he issued a statement in which he said he had incurred the enmity of the Commissioner because he "went through" with the prosecution of policeman Webster for larceny. "They do not want an officer in charge of men who is going after the culprit in uniform," said Captain Sullivan. "I did my duty as I saw it. The men I prosecuted had taken an oath to protect the city and to preserve law and order." And this was the same Captain Sullivan who had been on the force since 1886 and whose work during the police strike was highly commended by the law and order society.

As Commissioner Curtis is responsible to and removable by the Governor alone, Boston is helpless, whatever the insult accorded its citizens, whatever the latest atrocity of the cutthroats of the Commissioner. So Boston's "Faith in Massachusetts" is sorely tried, and the very reasonable idea that the police strike was a frame-up for political purposes has begun to permeate the atmosphere, in witness whereof the records show that one of the striking policemen missed election to the City Council in the Curley election by less than 1,000 votes, and he is no one anybody ever heard of before.

Then there is the banking situation, or perhaps scandal would be a better word. Several smaller banks, which were doing an ever-increasing business were closed up and taken over by the state following Ponzi's brief but spectacular career in 1920, and their assets were transferred to larger banks for safe-keeping. Perhaps the Bank Commissioner was really working in the interests of the people, but to them it looked like just another instance of state interference in city affairs, and the depositors cannot yet get their savings—except for some small dividends for which they have waited over a year.

Also Bostonians do not enjoy the ten-cent street car fare established in Boston by the legislature (in bills involving some stock jobbery, which was finally made public and then whitewashed by a legislative investigation) and a five-cent fare was one of the most taking campaign cries in the Curley campaign.

Then the cleanup of the "County Ring" was begun in 1921, after months of feeling for an opening by the Law and Orderites. District Attorney Nathan A. Tufts of Middlesex County (which is just across the Charles River from Boston, and of which Puritanical Cambridge is the administrative centre) was found guilty by the Supreme Court of misfeasance, malfeasance and nonfeasance in office, and removed, and the first skirmish went to the Law and Orderites, led here by Attorney General J. Weston Allen. With Tufts, went several police officials, and a short time later one former district attorney of Middlesex suddenly transferred his residence to New York and sent frantic, futile resignations to the Bar Association. At this writing, he has surrendered, and with other lawyers, will appear in a Massachusetts court to answer charges of blackmail.

The guns that finished Mr. Tufts were trained on Suffolk County, which is the City of Boston, and a grand assault was made on the stronghold of District Attorney Joseph C. Pelletier, who had held that office for twelve years and who is also National Advocate of the Knights of Columbus. The Attorney General petitioned the Supreme Court of Massachusetts for the removal from office of Mr. Pelletier, again for mis-,mal- and nonfeasance, and at this writing the trial is on, with Senator James A. Reed of Missouri and former Attorney General Boyle of the same state defending Pelletier. After Mr. Pelletier's removal it is sought to have him disbarred from the practice of law, and certain other lawyers who have been friendly with Mr. Pelletier are also to be disbarred. How far beyond this it had been planned to continue the clean-up movement has not been disclosed yet.

But Mr. Pelletier is powerful with the people of Boston, approximately three-quarters of whom are Roman Catholics, largely of Irish extraction. He is showing fight, and Daniel H. Coakley, a powerful and sagacious legal strategist whose disbarment is also sought, is his chief of staff. Mr. Pelletier knows a great deal about some individ-

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ual members of the law and order society in Massachusetts, and some of them have retired from active participation in the battle, devoutly wishing it had never begun. Some of the methods of the ring may be crude, but they are apparently very effective.

And while the forces that were to grapple in the legal battle were marshalling their hosts, a city election came due in Boston, as is the custom every four years. Mr. Pelletier, who had had the Attorney General indicted for larceny and a Supreme Court Justice indicted for conspiracy, took out papers to run for Mayor. The law and order people, many of whom are non-residents of Boston, selected a candidate through the Good Government Association. He was John R. Murphy, a man approaching seventy years of age and a brother-in-law of John Boyle O'Reilly.

But there had piled up in Boston the last four years a pyramid of discontent—against the state control that makes powerless any city administration, against sham reform movements, against the Back Bay with its alleged English accent and its anti-Irish organizations, and against business men's administrations which were thought to lower tax assessments in the residential and business sections and raise them among the middle class and poor. For a long time this discontent was without organization or coherence, but it demanded expression, and all it lacked was a leader with courage. Also it needed something to rebuke and the Good Government Association for whose candidate the Back Bay would be sure to vote, was a target exactly fitted to the occasion. For Boston has been longing for a good shot at the Back Bay for many a day.

The "Jailbird Mayor" was the very leader needed. The record which gives him this title is so much a part of the real Curley that when one comes to understand it, one has a faint idea of the man himself. When Jim Curley was a young and promising politician and was leading the old Tammany Club in Roxbury it was the custom for the bright young boys of his neighborhood to help their friends by taking Civil Service examinations for them. The education that young Curley had gained for himself—for he was thrown upon the world an orphan at the age of ten and all his learning came as a result of his own initiative—now got him into trouble. His political opponents found that he had taken a Civil Service examination for another man and thought to put an end once and for all to this potentially obnoxious young politician. So he was tried, convicted and sent to jail for two months. While serving his term Mr. Curley was elected to the then existent Board of Aldermen. His campaign slogan was "He did it for a friend."

Curley's strength and courage were shown by that victory gained while he was behind bars, and from then on his rise was steady, through various city offices, to the State Legislature, the United States House of Congress and back to Boston as Mayor of the City. Defeat came to him in 1917 when he sought reelection to the Mayor's chair, but three candidates, all powerful, were out against him and two of them were in the fight to snatch Curley votes.

This year two other candidates, besides Murphy of the "Goo Goos", were in the field against him on election day: Charles S. O'Connor, Democrat and member of the Boston School Committee, and Charles S. Baxter, Republican and professional campaign manager for many successful Republican office-seekers in the past. In city politics, however, Baxter was nothing. O'Connor lacked experience and the confidence of the Democratic hosts. So it resolved itself into a struggle between Curley and Murphy, backed by the reactionary forces of the Coolidge brand of law and order, in other words the Good Government Association, whose members, though many of them do not have a vote in Boston, have, for the past four years under a "Goo Goo" Mayor, been able to exert no small influence in the government of the city. Some ten days before the election Mr. Pelletier had been withdrawn from the contest, as both he and Curley were popular and if they both ran they would cut each other's throats. Many of Mr. Pelletier's enemies said he had "been looking for a soft spot to land, anyway," as he was afraid he would not be vindicated by the people of his country. At any rate he withdrew.

The result of the struggle between Curley—who might well be called the "lone wolf"—and Murphy, the pet of the plutocrats, is now history. During the campaign Curley was accused of about every crime known to man. His jail record was aired daily, as was his alleged wholesale grafting, which was declared to have resulted in his $50,000 mansion, built after two years as Mayor at a salary of $10,000 per annum; his reduction of city employees' wages; his alleged discrimination against practically every section of the city; his pro-British leanings (a heinous offense in Irish Boston), and his campaign promises which were impossible of fulfillment. But Boston preferred Curley with his past and his promises to Murphy and domination by the aristocratic and financial interests, and Boston has been asking itself why—in a very injured tone—ever since. There is no doubt about the reason. It may be called the

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awakening of the people of Boston to class-consciousness; the coming fruit of a blind and heretofore almost inarticulate resentment against the two classes of the Back Bay, the hidebound blue-bloods and the purse proud financiers.

Why should Boston follow a man like Curley? Many who voted for him do not really believe in him. Yet they made him victorious with their votes. Why?

Because Jim Curley aroused their admiration by his courage, his determination, his gameness, his fighting qualities and his magnetic personality. His attitude, which he communicated to the people, was that of a man battling single-handed against a host of unscrupulous enemies for the safety and honor and future of his home (the city). He was, in their eyes, a reincarnated Horatius.

"Curley the instrument, not the man," was his battle cry, and it won for him. It has been raised innumerable times before by politicians great and small, but never before as Curley raised it. No lone man has ever been able to sway so many hostile voters to his cause, and carry them through to the end on the crest of an alleged wave of awakened civic consciousness as Curley carried them.

Now for a glance at the man himself. First, dauntless physical courage. Physically he fears nothing that walks, crawls or flies. He charges alone and unattended into mobs that scream for his blood, thrusting aside with his powerful arms and body the snarling ward heelers, and they cower before his burning eyes and his determined jaw. In hostile territory he has oft times dared trouble-makers to step to the platform and face him man to man. They dare not, or at least they have never taken him up. His wit is like lightning, his sarcasm like the lash of a quirt, he talks a language that all people understand. He is a "go through" man. They charged him with being pro-British because he marched through the streets of Boston, surrounded by Irish policemen who were purple with indignation but who could not disobey the order of the Mayor, and behind them marched the kilted soldiers of Canada who were recruiting in Boston. Their bagpipes squealed and whined what Scotsmen call music, and Curley led them because he had promised some friends to do so. And he kept his promise, no matter what it cost him. Once he stood in a hall in one of the slum wards of the city to address an audience who had votes but little else. He looked at them calmly and began: "Pickpockets, door-mat thieves and milk bottle robbers: You see I know you all!" They could have torn him to pieces, but they cheered him because of his nerve, which was beyond their understanding.

Most holders of appointive offices in the city were against him. Those who are in the know say it is because Curley wields a blacksnake whip when in the Mayor's chair and none may dig deeper into the pork barrels than the mark he sets. He has an indomitable will. Outside the political arena even his enemies can find nothing to say against him.

And that is the man who has done the impossible and who has attracted the eyes of the nation to Boston for another brief moment. Jim Curley is again riding on a wave of discontent that is not of his own making. His position will be a difficult one during the battle between Boston and the Back Bay. That battle has just begun, and before it is over Boston is likely to have an international reputations of which it will not be very proud.

And a lot more people will be asking the question that heads this article:

"Has Boston any decent citizens?"

THREE OBSERVERS.

# Japan and Siberia

WHEN the Conference comes to the question: Are the Japanese taking root in Siberia, and what is to be done about it, here will be no one to plead the Siberian case. That s to say, officially there will be no one, for the del:gates of the Far Eastern Republic in Washington epresent a government which America does not ecognize. The Far Eastern Republic, people say, nay to a certain extent be independent of Moscow, ut if you recognize it you are merely recognizing he east room of the Soviet house. Moscow has cordially agreed to the Republic's independence, their relations are friendly, there are communists in the governments of both, and we leave to dealers in verbal niceties the question whether two neighboring friendly Russian states can truly be independent of each other.

But the facts are not quite so simple as this. This republic has a history and a character all its own. On the map, the Far Eastern Republic is roughly the shape of a sand-glass running east and west from Lake Baikal to the Paci-

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fic. Imagine some of the sand to have leaked out to the south, forming a strip along the coast. This is the Maritime Province. At the south end of it lies Vladivostok, terminal port for the Transiberian Railway and the Transiberian's short cut through Manchuria known as the Chinese Eastern Railway. At the north end is Nikolayevsk, at the mouth of the Amur river, eastern Siberia's chief artery. Off the northern part of this coast, at one point within five miles of it, lies the island of Sakhalin, the lower half of which has been Japan's since the treaty of Portsmouth. All this territory, stretching some 1,200 miles from Baikal to the Pacific, and with a coastline almost as long, is nearly a third of the area of the United States.

In population, in resources, and in the small extent to which these resources have been explored, Far Eastern Siberia is much like our own Rocky Mountain states of the fifties. Before the war it produced thirty percent of Russia's total output of gold. It is rich besides in silver, lead, zinc, precious stones, bismuth, wolframite, iron, furs. The fisheries along the coast yielded 130,000 tons of fish annually for export alone. Its timber was estimated at 270,000,000 acres. Geological surveys placed the coal resources of northern Sakhalin at 2,000,000,000 tons, and the island is rich in oil as well. Of the 55,000,000 acres of arable land in eastern Silberia alone only 3,500,000 are under cultivation.

In this virgin wilderness of possibilities, which could support twenty or thirty million inhabitants by agriculture or cattle raising alone, live only about two million people, mostly Russians, and two-thirds of them peasant colonists. They hold on the average two hundred and fifty acres apiece, while in Russia proper a peasant considered himself well off who had twenty-five acres. Nor are these colonists in other respects like the Russian peasant. The rough pioneer life has bred in them a sense of democracy and a hunger for it, so that Siberia, like our own West, has always been more restless and more progressive in spirit than Russia.

For three years eastern Siberia has been the scene of the cruelest free-for-all guerilla warfare, an unwilling doormat on which Allied expeditionary troops, Russian Reactionaries, Chinese Hun-Huz bandits, Czecho-Slovaks and Japanese soldiers indiscriminately wiped their feet. Two years ago, in an effort to rid their country of these guests, the local zemstvos began to unite for defence. Out of this grew the Far Eastern Republic. In January, 1921, elections, with universal, secret and proportional suffrage, in which eighty percent of the people are said to have taken part, sent delegates to a constituent assembly at Chita. A constitution was written, a government formed. Today this government includes four communists, two non-partisans, and several Mensheviki and Social Revolutionaries of varying shades. However friendly this government may be to Moscow, however much the two may follow the same policy, we see here the important difference between them: the Far Eastern Republic is an expression of the will of the people.

The constitution of the Republic is democratic rather than Socialist. It guarantees personal rights, sets up checks on the central power, erects a system of local government, gives the widest liberty to national minorities. To be sure the land is nationalized, and has to be leased from the state. But it is not socialized: there has been no division of it among the poorer peasants at the expense of the richer ones, as in Russia. The explanation of this state ownership is that it prevents Japanese inroads through purchase of land from private individuals.

The base of the Far Eastern Republic's constitution is in its declaration that "the institution of private ownership is maintained." Concessions to foreigners are encouraged. From its beginning, the Republic has appealed to foreign, and particularly to American capital, to help develop the country. Soviet Russia is eagerly seeking to grant concessions as a stopgap, but the Far Eastern Republic will grant them as a matter of permanent and fundamental policy. The country is capable of enormous development, which only foreign capital can accomplish. Eastern Siberia is exporting almost nothing now. Her normal outlets through Vladivostok and down the Amur are blocked by the Japanese. What manufactures come over the Manchurian border are mostly from America, or, curiously, from Czecho-Slovakia. In spite of the fact, true nowhere else in the world, that the Far Eastern Republic has no paper money but only gold and silver currency, its fortunes are at a low ebb. The steps necessary to revive them are, first, recognition, and second, the withdrawal of the Japanese. Toward recognition some progress has been made. China recognizes the Republic as a de facto government. There is an American consul at Chita—unofficially of course, for observation and not business. Japan has dealt with the Far Eastern Republic to this extent: ever since August she has been intermittently negotiating with it at Dairen over the withdrawal of Japanese troops, negotiations which have so far yielded nothing but light on Japanese intentions. According to the Russians the Japanese presented seventeen demands, including requests that Japanese troops be allowed to stay in Siberia, that Russian fortifications in Siberia be

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destroyed, and that Japan should obtain all concessions in the straits between Sakhalin and the mainland. "We never asked that our troops remain in Siberia," says Mr. Hanihara in Washington; "all we require is a guarantee for the protection of our nationals living there, and a guarantee against the danger of Bolshevik propaganda against us, for there are 1,000,000 Koreans in Siberia, and the Siberian and Korean frontiers are contiguous." About as contiguous—you will see by a glance at the map—as two sharp pencils lying point to point.

What can the Conference do? What can be done by the United States, as a staunch supporter of the principle that Russian territory must be kept intact and returned to her people once they have formed a "stable" or recognizable government? The case as presented by the Far Eastern delegates in Washington,—indeed by practically all Russians here—must at least be listened to and the truth of this general fact will have to be admitted: that the Japanese have promised to get out of Siberia at some time in the future to be chosen by themselves, but are in the meantime behaving as if they never intended to get out at all.

The charges laid by the Russians here against Japan are specific. They fall under two heads: the conduct of the Japanese in the vicinity of Vladivostok and the Maritime Province, and their actions in the northern half of Sakhalin, the region around Nikolayevsk and the mouth of the Amur.

By the spring of 1920 Kolchak's forces had been completely crushed, the American and Czecho-Slovak troops had all been evacuated. The Japanese, however, who had been withdrawing their troops from the interior along the railroad did not leave, but concentrated them along the coast.

The story of how these troops, three days after the Americans had left (April 4, 1921) disarmed the Russians in Vladivostok, hoisted the Japanese flag over Russian government buildings, and arrested members of the government, is already familiar. Since then there has existed a whitish Russian administration in Vladivostok, spoken of by progressive Russians as a creature of Japan, but which itself has declared its wish to see the Japanese troops go. The Japanese excuse for remaining was the necessity of "protecting their nationals" and guarding against a "menace to Korea."

It is lucky that there were actually enough Japanese in Vladivostok to provide an excuse, however feeble, for holding this very useful ground. For not only is Vladivostok Siberia's terminal port but just below it, near the Chinese frontier, is Possiet Bay, which has an even finer harbor, and if kept in Japanese hands would make a splendid base for operations, military or commercial, in Manchuria. Any nation thinking along the lines of the old cynical imperialism would seek by every means to hold two such valuable points. Meanwhile the occupation of Sakhalin and of the mainland opposite it is being conducted in a far more unscrupulous manner.

If you were a loyal, intelligent Japanese, anxious to see your country play a great part in the world, you would be eager to have Sakhalin belong to you. It was yours until 1875. More important, it has huge resources in coal and oil, just how much nobody knows, but enough to make your industries and your navy independent of Chinese coal for a good many years. You would wish so ardently for northern Sakhalin that it would be an easy matter to asphyxiate your scruples over honesty between nations—if you had any—and you would rejoice at and accept any excuse your government might find for staking a claim there in the absence of the Russian owners, and for exploiting that claim.

Japan, say the Russians, has lived up to the expectations of such a citizen. The excuse was the Nikolayevsk massacre. In April, 1920, the town, held by Japanese troops and Russian whites, was attacked by forces, under a certain Triapitzin, who is variously described as a criminal leader of Chinese Korean, Magyar, Russian bandits, and as a Red army officer leading partisan troops against the whites. At any rate, in the fighting some seven hundred Japanese, soldiers, and civilians, were killed. Several thousand Russians also seem to have been killed, but the Japanese did not emphasize this point. Instead, they announced (on June 2, 1920) that "Japan will occupy certain necessary points in the Sakhalin province pending the establishment in Russia of a powerful government and a solution of this problem which would be satisfactory to us."

Occupation? The Russians insist that a great deal more than occupation has taken place. Here in brief are their accusations: The Japanese are governing, as if it were a part of Japan, not only the coast and mainland about the city where the massacre took place, but the northern half of the Island of Sakhalin as well. They have suspended the operation of Russian law. Japanese civil law prevails—for Japanese citizens only: the Russian inhabitants must obey military rules and regulations. These rules assume authority which even under martial law an occupying power has no right to assume. Ordinances have been issued limiting rights on real estate, "on the burial of corpses," "on the stockyards" on the smallest details of the economic life of the inhabitants. The Japanese military command has ordered the streets of the

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city of Alexandrovsk to be renamed in Japanese, so that what were once familiar to the Russians as Brick Street or Commerce Street become Oote-Machi and Kotobuki-Machi. The fisheries along the coast are under complete control of the Japanese, who farm out the rights as they please, and post notices and regulations about them in the Japanese language alone, and let Japanese fishermen exhaust the supply. The Japanese are building a railroad to the oil fields, importing Japanese labor for the mines, opening canning factories, setting up wireless stations, establishing steamship lines, at the same time stifling, by means of their system of military rules, all competition by the Russians, who are beginning to leave the island. On the mainland, Japanese firms have secured large timber concessions secured from former governments at Vladivostok, and are sending the lumber to their box and pulp mills in southern Sakhalin. For the moment they have their hands on an amount which will keep them supplied with paper for several years, and enable them to compete in the world's markets, and they are not letting it lie idle.

Japan, say the Russians, has declared that she will wait for a stable government before she withdraws. But such a government would be entitled only to agree with Japan as to what parts of Siberia and Sakhalin will be leased to her for exploitation. Japan, while waiting for such a government, has gone ahead with the exploitation.

This is the Russian case against Japan. At this distance no one can vouch for the details. Yet in general the policy of Japan is clear. By occupying the mouth of the Amur and Sakhalin she bottles up Siberia, corks up the Japanese Sea at both ends and holds a strategic position which is a constant threat to all of eastern Siberia, a position from which, since she realizes its value, she will be reluctant to withdraw. And economics coincides here with strategy: the Sakhalin district can supply her with coal, oil and lumber which are not only essentials, but which can be stepping stones to a greater place in the world's trade. These things she could not get from a jealous imperial Russia; she is not sure of getting them from whatever Russia is strong enough to rule the future. She is getting them now. Japan has only just begun to enjoy this moral holiday in Far Eastern Siberia. The taste will grow upon her. In Siberians the taste for freedom, freedom from Japanese occupation and plunder, is growing too. Every year that prolongs this uncertainty and hatred is a milestone toward war.

What will the Conference do about Siberia?

ROBERT LITTELL.

# Politics and the Grain Trade in Canada

AS the Canadian prairies came under the plow and a new standard of wheat excellence was given to the world in "No. 1, Northern", grain-elevators began to make their appearance along the lines of the railways until in time each siding had its elevator and every settlement had from half a dozen to a dozen or more. Generally they were owned by companies having headquarters in Winnipeg, controlled by men affiliated with the railways and large financial corporations. The industry grew fast and there was little machinery whereby it could be regulated to the end that the various factors entering into the transaction,—producer, distributor and consumer,—could all be assured of a fair deal. The price to the consumer was set in large measure by world conditions of supply and demand; but the price received by the producer was mainly regulated by what the elevator companies chose to pay.

This state of affairs was largely responsible for the formation of the grain-growers' organizations which have since attained such vast proportions. The history of their origin and growth is closely interwoven with the story of the Canadian grain trade. It was these newly-formed associations whose agitation resulted in the appointment in 1906 of a Royal Commission to investigate the whole question of grain-marketing.

No particular action resulted from the findings of this commission until 1912 when the Borden government passed the Canada Grain act which provided for the creation of a Board of Grain Commissioners consisting of three members. In its hands was placed the supervision of the whole grain trade. Its powers were extremely wide; it had authority to fix regulations covering such matters as grading, testing, dockage, rates of commission, storage charges, in short, it had complete jurisdiction over every phase of the marketing of grain. It could compel traders to disclose the details of any transaction, and had power to issue, suspend or refuse traders' licenses.

Some abuses were remedied and the grain-grower secured in many respects fairer treatment than in the past. But other abuses crept in. The commissioners being appointed under the system of political patronage, it became extremely hard to keep powerful financial interests from warping conditions to their own advantage.

Of late years the greatest complaint against the elevator companies has been in regard to what is known as "overages." The agent in charge of the

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ountry elevator is debited at the end of the grain-uying season with whatever errors may have oc-urred in respect of short weights. In order to rotect himself the agent generally sees that dis-repancies are in favor of the company. Then, in ome cases, the grade is left to his decision. Here gain he gives his firm the benefit of the doubt. The result is that at the end of the season the levator companies find large quantities of grain n their terminal elevator bins which have cost hem nothing. As the elevator companies are eally acting as agents for the producers, it is evi-lent that this overage is really the property of heir customers. The Board of Grain Commis-ioners has ruled that overages amounting to more han three percent belong to the customer; under hat, to the elevator company. The grain-growers ontend that there should be no overages,—or at east, that they should be practically negligible in-tead of amounting to such quantities as they now lo. The customer is charged with freight, insur-nce, interest, dockage for dirt or weeds, besides a ommission. The companies also make additional rofits from the sale of the screenings. Another ource of profit to the companies is what is known s the "promotion of grades." For example: a arload of "tough" wheat comes into the elevator. The agent gives it a low grade. But when it eaches the terminal it is mixed judiciously with arger quantities of No. 1 in such proportions as ot to affect the grade of the No. 1. Eventually his carload of cheap wheat, distributed among he contents of many carloads of better wheat, is ll sold for the price of No. 1, Northern.

These abuses are probably not as serious as those hat obtained previous to the passing of the anada Grain act of 1912, but they affect a vastly arger number of producers and cause much dis-atisfaction.

Meanwhile the farmers' associations already eferred to had been growing. In each of the three rairie provinces farmers' elevator companies had een formed. The greatest of these, the United rain Growers, Limited, resulted from the amal-amation in 1916 of the Manitoba and Alberta ompanies and has a membership of over 36,000 rairie farmers. It is not, however, a cooperative ompany in the strict sense of the term, as it handles rain on the same basis as the privately owned levators and its profits are divided among the hareholders only; but all its shareholders are rain-growers and the amount of stock allowed to e held by any one individual is limited.

As the war progressed private grain buying in urope practically ceased and all wheat was pur-hased by unified buying commissions acting for the Allied governments. This placed the control of prices largely in the hands of the buyers; as a result, in 1919, the marketing of wheat in Canada was taken over by the government. An agency known as the Canada Wheat Board was formed. Through its hands passed the whole wheat crop of the country. A minimum interim price was paid to the producer; after the year's transactions were completed and the expenses deducted, the balance was distributed proportionately. Of course the grain exchanges were closed insofar as wheat was concerned; and the Wheat Board was given a monopoly in the handling of that cereal. The formation of the Board was strenuously opposed by the private grain companies; and also, at first, by the farmers. But as the success of the plan was demonstrated this opposition changed to practical unanimity on the part of the growers for a continuance of control. However, with the decontrol of wheat in the United States and the reopening of the Chicago exchange, control was also discontinued in Canada.

The period of control had demonstrated the advantages of cooperative marketing; it had removed the uncertainty as to prices; it had made it unnecessary for large quantities of wheat to be thrown upon the market at one time to the demoralization of prices; it had put the grower who could not afford to hold his wheat for higher prices on a par with him who could; it did away to a large extent with the annual traffic congestion during the wheat-moving season; and the farmer had the satisfaction of knowing that his product was not being used as a medium for the extraction of huge sums of money from the general public through the gambling of the exchanges. The farmers were very loath to return to the old condition of affairs. The government, however, did not care to undertake, as a permanent measure, the marketing of grain. If grain, it was argued, why not lumber, paper, live-stock or any other article of domestic produce? Obviously any grain marketing scheme would have to be worked out by the farmers among themselves. Then, too, the Wheat Board had operated during a period of rising prices; its story might possibly have been different under reversed conditions.

Early in 1921 a project was on foot for the formation of a giant selling pool to be operated by the farmers themselves on the cooperative principle. Meetings were held by leaders of the grain growers' movement and the matter was discussed at United Farmers' conventions. But nothing came of it all,—perhaps for the reason that such a plan would require enormous credits, and the controllers of credit in Canada (the all-powerful banks) do not look kindly upon cooperative enterprises.

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During the recent election campaign the late Premier, Mr. Meighen, promised if returned to power to establish a government grain pool similar to the Canada Wheat Board with the exception that selling grain through its agency should be voluntary, whereas the Wheat Board had been given a monopoly. It was not regarded by the farmers as anything more than an election promise, as was evidenced by the subsequent defeat of every Meighen candidate upon the prairies, save one city member.

The dislocation due to the war and their growing distrust of party politics finally drove the farmers of western Canada to organize themselves along political lines. As a result, for the first time in the history of the Dominion a third party, nation-wide in its organization, entered the field against the two historic parties in the recent general elections. They carried practically all the prairie seats, and won twenty-four in Ontario, increasing their representation in the House from fourteen to sixty-five seats. Previously they had carried the province of Ontario in the provincial elections of 1919 and in July, 1921, the former Liberal administration in Alberta was defeated by the crusading farmers.

While the Liberal party succeeded in carrying a plurality of the seats throughout the Dominion, and, in consequence, are now carrying on the government, the late Meighen government appeared to consider the Farmers' party—or National Progressives, as they are called—their most serious antagonists and sought in every way possible to bring discredit upon the movement or its leaders. There are many thousands of farmers in western Canada who do not belong to the farmers' organizations. To them the United Grain Growers, Limited,—the president of which, it might be explained, is Mr. T. A. Crerar, who is also leader of the National Progressive party,—is on the same footing as any other corporation in the grain trade. In fact, in some cases, the great farmers' organization is in more disfavor because the farmer considers that it has greater reason to give him a square deal, as he sees it, than the more "capitalistic" corporations. These farmers do not stop to consider that the United Grain Growers, Limited, like all other grain companies, is operating under regulations drawn up by the Board of Grain Commissioners, itself an extension of a government department, and that any complaint should really be placed at the door of the board or of the government. The recent elections, however, demonstrated that there were fewer of these than members of the late government believed.

In anticipation of the elections the Meighen government appointed early in 1921 a Royal Commission for the ostensible purpose of making an inquiry into the grain trade. Naturally one would have thought that the first duty of such a commission, if it really meant business, would have been to investigate the operations of the Board of Grain Commissioners in order to discover the reason for its failure to function. Instead of this, one member of the Royal Commission was himself also a member of the Board of Grain Commissioners;—in other words, a man was charged with the duty of investigating himself!

The true nature of the Royal Commission was exposed by Mr. Crerar and others who declared that its real purpose was to manufacture campaign material for use against the National Progressive party. This was confirmed by the action of the chairman of the commission who, while conducting public sessions in Alberta, appointed a special commissioner to hold an extraordinary session at Fort William, Ontario, at which an affidavit was placed in evidence by a discharged employee of the United Grain Growers, Limited, alleging certain irregularities said to have occurred eight years ago. There was no real reason why this evidence could not have been placed before the commission in due course when Fort William had been reached in its turn a few weeks later, but an important by-election was impending in the constituency of Medicine Hat wherein the government's candidate was being opposed by a National Progressive, and the obvious desire of the government was to benefit by the publication of this "evidence." No notice was given to the company of the special session; but arrangements were made for the story to be given to the press and published broadcast throughout the Dominion. It was denied emphatically by the company at the earliest possible moment, and little credence is given to the charges by persons familiar with the grain trade generally.

When it was thus disclosed how far the commission would go in order to effect the ends for which it was created, an injunction was applied for by a group of about forty grain companies, including the United Grain Growers, Limited. The injunction was sustained by the courts and the Royal Commission consequently ceased its activities; but the decision has since been reversed by the Manitoba Court of Appeal. This was just previous to the date of elections; and with the passing of its creators from office it is not likely that much more will be heard of the commission.

But the condition of the grain trade still remains chaotic. There is no doubt that it has outgrown the machinery devised for its regulation. The Board of Grain Commissioners, being creatures of the government, are susceptible to political influence, no matter which party is in power. The grain

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rade is too important an industry to be at the ıercy of politicians intent upon gaining or main-ıining power. Some satisfactory plan will have ɔ be devised in the very near future. The Liberal arty now in power at Ottawa did not have any ɔmprehensive scheme to offer during the cam-aign; and, as their following in the House num-ers less than half a dozen members from the rairies, it is quite possible that they will be dis-osed to consider the situation in the grain trade s of less importance than some of the many other roblems with which they will have to deal. But ot for long! The grain trade of Canada is too ıtimately connected with the prosperity of the ountry to be ignored for any length of time.

There seems to be little doubt that the only log-:al scheme under the circumstances will be a co-perative organization embracing all the producers uch as that already discussed by the farmers. ome assistance from the government in the matter f the supply of credit will probably be found ne-essary, but it should be free from political inter-erence. This is the great difficulty.

D. M. LeBourdais.

## New York's Cocktail Hour

NEW YORK has found itself—another self. The city of O. Henry's Four Million is ead, done in by the War and Prohibition. Now : is the Forbidden City—the Too Much For-idden City. A true New Yorker is known by he Bootlegger he keeps and not by any other ign. His social life is without the law, but he as found the way to live little molested in his utlawry. A criminal in the eye of solemn en-ctment, he neither flaunts his offence nor is shamed of it. Facing a condition not of his choos-ıg, he is only mildly concerned with the legal ction which denies the existence of what is so ıatent that a wayfaring man, though a fool, must eeds read it as he runs. Dealing with the facts, e deals with the Bootlegger as one of them. If he pleasant places that knew him in less tram-ıeled days have suffered Constitutional Amend-ıent in the soda-fountain interest, he has found ıther places willing to know him pleasantly still —and not such strict-constructionists. It was in ne of these places that the waiter said, in answer o the stranger guest's order of two highballs, 'Do you know anybody?" And the stranger uest, pointing to his companion, also a stranger here, said, "I know him, and he knows me." And miled confidingly. The waiter fetched the drinks. These, unmistakably, were true New Yorkers, ualified to be served.

So a new life has been built on the ruins of the old—not the same life, but not so different in the main emollient. Even the cocktail hour has not been utterly surrendered to that exotic afternoon tea which is paraded in clubs and polished places as the legal substitute. Old King Cole and his fiddlers three no longer look down upon the lined-up company of those who—because of lingering for just one more—will probably not be home in time for dinner. But snug harbors may be made where delay and drinks are just as insidiously accumulated. No, the cocktail hour still exists. A great American Institution has been saved, or, at least salvaged. It has got to be a bit more cozy and confidential than it used to be when the cocktail route was a public highway that led by easy stages from the Brevoort past the Holland House to Sherry's and beyond. But, thank Heaven, a man may still be cheerfully late for dinner.

There was a period in the earlier stages of adjustment to unfamiliar conditions when this was not so. New York did not find itself all at once. And then one arrived home morosely on time and quarreled with one's wife—instead of accepting with affability the accustomed scolding and the gentle reminder that if it happened again the cook would certainly leave. That was natural and human and as it should be. The other—it was all wrong. If it had lasted family life would have been wrecked for most of us.

And dining out. New York has always dined out. New York still dines out. But there were days and nights, before the city found itself again, when dining out was a thing you did reluctantly—when even New York rather inclined to stay home for dinner—as they do in Brooklyn. Some people, have been so deeply bitten by the stay at home habit that they hardly ever dine out any more. But not the true New Yorker. And now, for him, dining out has grown to be again very much what it used to be. The first principle of the art of dining out is always knowing where to dine. In the Too Much Forbidden City it is more than ever important to know where to dine. The true New Yorker does know where. If, in the course of inhuman events, his club and the gilded hotels are not such friendly places as once they were, that is a pity. But there are other places where the atmosphere is not so forbidding.

A bow and a smile of welcome as you come in a door discreetly guarded, and, What will you have, sir?—Something beforehand sir?—A bottle of wine that can be especially recommended, sir?—And afterwards—Well, afterwards can wait till afterwards.

Or perhaps you have a hankering for an evening with a musty old English flavor. Alas, there

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are no more chop houses—or rather, the chop houses are that and nothing more. True. But, remember—the city has found itself. Here, too. If the chop houses have abjured their native brew, other places will provide the cheer for lack of which chop houses are now sedulously avoided by those who used to frequent them with peculiar ardor. If New York dines out as a habit, New York must know where to dine in divers moods and after divers national fashions. So the diner out knows and is known. He must be known. Not simply because it is good to be greeted as an old acquaintance unforgot, and as an honored patron of the house shown to an exclusive table. For not to any mere stranger will it be said, "Mixed grill, tonight, sir—the ale is very good, sir." Something like that. And something like. Only if one is known—.

How it is done you do not know. You do not ask. It *is* done. New York is New York. New Yorkers have learned to accept it—to take it as it is. There are laws and there are facts. If the facts do not fit the laws, it is likely that the fellows who made the laws let their zeal outrun their discretion, that they have bit off more than they can chew, to put it rudely.

Besides, so many things that used to be forbidden have stopped being forbidden because New Yorkers kept on doing them anyhow—or began doing them in spite of it. Women smoking in hotel dining rooms, bare female legs on the public beaches, dinner jackets at polite mixed evening parties, sitting with your elbows on the table, taking the lady's arm instead of letting her take yours, buying your theatre tickets from speculators, walking on the grass in Central Park.

By the way, about the only things that New Yorkers have been expressly forbidden to do that they have with reasonable consistency refrained from doing are two—smoking in the subway and walking on the grass in Central Park. When somebody, late in the past summer, took away the Park's "Keep-Off-the-Grass" signs the habit of sticking to the concrete walks persisted for a while with all but the most daring. But soon, for the first time in this writer's knowledge of the big town, the wide open space in the heart of it had a pleasant, comfortable, human look—with people wandering about the lawns or seated here and there on the grass—all sorts of people, not only what are called common people, but the well-dressed sort that are, or pretend to be gentlefolk—mothers and children and nurse maids and elderly gentlemen and the humbly unemployed and distracting creatures who roll their own and keep one eye in ambush under rakish hats and young lovers and seafaring men in the naval service paying cour unashamed to real or simulated flappers. It was a very different Park and much more a place to b happy in than the old Park where you walked se dately in procession with the rest upon unyield ing concrete, or viewed the proletariat so employe from the proud top of your horse or the eas cushions of your motor-car. It is true, if you sa it from the cozy inside of a hansom, even then it had a sort of charm—in the autumn when yo drove slowly and were not, perhaps, quite alon in the hansom. But the outer charm was one o scenery—of decoration. In the open lawn perio it is the reflection of a general and diffused enjoy ment, not merely of your own complacency.

I take it as a sign of something more than meet the eye, this disappearance on the eve of an elec tion (since achieved) of Keep-Off-The-Gras signs. A harbinger. The Too Much Forbidde City has reached the limit of patience with bein told not to do things obviously good for every body to do. It revolts at the pretext that no doing them is in the interest of a public which after all, is nothing but everybody collectively Because the parks are for all the people, thos signs said, nobody must enjoy the parks—excep as the shop windows in Fifth Avenue are enjoye by folks who cannot afford to buy what is in them Private windows for public temptation.

Now, at last, somebody, dressed in howeve brief authority, has got hold of the idea that anyhow, the people are not merely for the pur pose of maintaining the parks, for the resting wit green prospects of fortunate eyes of "visitors o horse-back" and in motors and comfortabl householders and apartment dwellers along th parkside. A sensible man, too—not overlookin the practical consideration that, except in th springtime, it does not hurt grass to be decentl walked on, though it is very bad for it to be vul garly herded on. As was done when only a mea dow here and there was opened up and all th holiday-makers turned loose upon it like cattle i a pen. As bad for the people as for the grass and a more grievous spectacle still for those wh persist in regarding the public's playground as thei personal window-box or private flower-bed.

A city whose parks were interdict to the fee of its citizens was always a Too Much Forbidde City. A city which, in no despite of the law, but following its natural human habit, to which the article of the law is alien, still finds a way to live its own life in decent comfort after its own fashion is not a city that need be despaired of even in an age of so much desperation.

H. I. Brock.

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## Write to the President

SIR: It is reported that President Harding has received many letters protesting against the appropriation of twenty million dollars for the relief of starving Russia, while those who rejoice that the measure was passed remain silent. Naturally the reaction upon the President is that the country does not cordially approve his action. No official, even a president, is sufficiently self-confident to remain uninfluenced by public opinion, and as the opposition has been most active, it behooves those interested in humanity to come to the rescue and to send letters and telegrams showing that the movement has a vast number of friends, and that the heart of America is in sympathy with those who work to relieve starvation even though the suffering ones are peasants of a Soviet government.

We are very ready to plead for the bills we want passed, and to criticize measures of which we disapprove, but when the country takes a great human step forward, men and women oftentimes forget that there is need to encourage those who have put through the measure.

If readers of this letter will sit down NOW and write to the President it will strengthen his hands and may help the cause.

MABEL HYDE KITTREDGE.

New York City.

## The Austrian Krone

SIR: The city of Vienna is in the grip of an economic crisis worse than any since the dreadful "turnip" winter of 1917-1918. In spite of all that has been done by foreign relief agencies for the children of Austria, not only those children who have been kept alive up to the present time in hospitals and private homes in large measure by the food provided by the generosity of Americans, but many of their impoverished fathers and mothers as well, are facing the opening of winter with nothing between them and actual starvation save the fortnightly rations delivered to them regularly by the Anglo-American Relief Mission of the Society of Friends, for which they pay approximately one-tenth of the current price, and the warm luncheons served daily in two hundred Feeding Centres by the American Relief Administration to every under-nourished schoolchild in Vienna.

The reason for this deplorable condition of affairs in the Austrian capital in which a menacing outbreak of plundering and violence occurred recently—conditions which render relief work all but futile—is the unparalleled depreciation of the Austrian paper krone of which over six thousand are now required to buy one dollar and twenty-five thousand are demanded for a pound sterling. The consequence is that foodstuffs, eighty percent of which have now to be imported from abroad, are selling at fabulous prices and a suit of clothes costs as much as a month's wages of a skilled artisan in a highly organized trade. The result is one of the strangest paradoxes in history—a starving city whose citizens are held in hopeless economic bondage by paper chains called bank-notes which they cannot break and yet a city whose superficial appearance is that of unrivalled prosperity in which the shops display the jewels and luxuries of a Mogul potentate and the merchandise of a thousand bazaars—the wealth of which can be purchased only by foreigners swarming to the bargaining.

No measures short of those necessary to stabilize the Austrian krone will save what is left of the culture and social order of one of the oldest and richest and most ingratiating centres of western civilization. That action lies solely within the power of the Allies who promised financial credit to the new republican government when it was first established at the time of the signing of the fatal treaty of St. Germain more than two years ago,—or in the power of Allied or American banking groups. The interest of England, in particular, is more than a moral one, for the mills of Manchester have been idle because of the inability of Vienna manufacturers of cotton garments to purchase the English cloth.

The Austrian government has made and is still making every effort to secure the promised credits and to reduce henceforth its running expenses and large annual deficit to an irreducible minimum. No further employees may be retained by any department of the government without special approval of the President, and the state subsidies on food-stuffs amounting to about eighty-three billion kronen and the cause of half of the annual deficit of the government have been ordered removed on the first of January—an action which will send the price of bread from seventy-four kronen to over five hundred. What will happen then to the population of this city and particularly to the middle-classes whose incomes are more or less fixed and not subject to periodical increase through the power of organized labor nobody knows.

It is clear that Vienna cannot much longer survive as a great city and that all that has been done by foreign relief agencies for her crippled and diseased children during the last three years will be undone unless a foreign loan, public or private, combined with careful fiscal administration is forthcoming. The only alternative in a community in which a ton of coal costs twice the monthly salary of a university professor or a skilled mechanic, and milk and butter and eggs and the good things of life are beyond the reach of all save foreigners or native swindlers, is the grim alternative of anarchy and bloody chaos. The police force which is itself underpaid will not resist the indignation of the populace or restrain the excesses of the mob. The condition of affairs in Vienna, which is still a wonderfully beautiful capital so far as outward appearances go, has definitely passed beyond the stage where any relief work within present possibility of organization is adequate. The fate of Austria and the continued existence of one of the gardens of human civilization is clearly up to the owners of financial credit in the victorious countries whose military triumph as the months proceed assumes more and more the character of a delusion and a snare, by reason of the ever increasing economic paralysis and bankruptcy of their vanquished customers.

BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

Vienna.

## Army Expenditures In India

SIR: I read with great interest the correspondence between yourself and the two Anglo-Indians. It will be of interest to you and your readers that Mr. Bernard Houghton, formerly of the Indian Civil Service (Commissioner in Burmah), author of Burman Native Government etc., in an article, Imperialism, Foreign Policy and the Indian Army, in the December issue of Foreign Affairs, (London) makes very significant statements regarding India and Imperialism:

"The key to Indian Foreign Policy is the army. Over that policy Indians have no control, direct or indirect; they may not even vote on the army estimates. The following table gives the figure in millions sterling of the army and total expenditure in recent years:

| | ARMY | TOTAL |
|---|---|---|
| 1913-14 (pre-war) | 21 | 83 |
| 1919-20 | 87 | 138 |
| 1920-21 | 74 | 134 |
| 1921-22 (Budget) | 66 | 128 |

"Judging from the past experience this last figure will certainly be exceeded, but taking it as it stands, we have the fact three years after the war, fifty-two percent of the total expenditure goes to the army. Compare this with eight percent in South Africa or fourteen percent in Italy, also a peninsula. . . . Indians have recently become alive to the foreign policy of Simla. In the Manifesto of Mahatma Gandhi and forty-seven others they condemn the bureaucracy as 'a system of government which . . . . has used the soldiery and the police for repressing the National aspirations, and which used soldiers for crushing the liberty of the Arabs, the Egyptians, the Turks and other nations which have not harmed India.' When India rules herself we shall witness a swift change in foreign policy. The Imperial Government will no longer be able to use Indian troops for its designs in Southern Asia or Eastern Africa any more than it can use Australian troops. Perhaps that is one reason why it dislikes Home Rule." (Page 91).

In this connection I wish to say that there is every reason to believe that Mr. Houghton's statistics regarding military expenditure are more accurate than those of Mr. Gilbert Slater, British Publicity Officer of Madras, because the latter quotes the figures which are estimates as appears in India 1920, prepared by L. F. Rushbrook Williams.

TARAKNATH DAS.

Washington.

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# After the Play

THE advantage of Ben-Ami's change in the type of his rôle is evident; last year the erotic, the sophisticated, the poetic; this year the half folk thing, swaggering, surly and violent. The difference not only makes it impossible to classify him as a one-type actor or to fix a so-called personality on him, but is at the same time a step toward that increase in our actors' range that we need so much. As for The Idle Inn it was already a tried and assured success at the Jewish Art Theatre in repertory if not as a continuous bill. But you must have seen it there or at least have read it in Dr. Goldberg's translation to understand Hirschbein's achievement or Ben-Ami's problem.

The Idle Inn is first and last a folk play. The forces that make it up are universal forces like love, superstition, the sense of property. It is built around incidents that may be real and are easily possible, passing merchants, fires, strange coincidences in things, but which at the same time lend themselves to fearful meanings among the folk whose lives they touch. A girl is to be married against her will to a neighbor's son; she loves her cousin, Itsik, whom her father hates because he thinks him a worthless rascal who has stolen his horses. An abandoned inn, said to be haunted by evil spirits, is to be torn down and rebuilt for the young couple. On the wedding day the dismantling of the inn begins, merchants with strange gifts appear at the festival, and then in the whirl of the dancing Itsik steals away the bride. That night her kinsmen find her with him in a deserted place near the ruins of the inn. But a spell is on them all; a strange power takes away their strength; they can do nothing. The girl will not stay with Itsik but she cannot leave him. And finally in the last act the father in a fit of fear and madness burns the inn and sets fire to his own house where the spirits have come to dwell; and Itsik takes the girl away with him.

This is the play that Ben-Ami builds his part from. The figure that last year was loved and applauded he abandons now for a very different thing. The face that in Samson and Delilah was made ironical and poetic and delicate, and in Green Fields was so ascetic and dreaming, the face of a young Talmudic Jew, sad, confused, fanatic, beautiful, is made now to look larger; the wavy hair comes down over the low brow; the body is coarser in mass; the feet belong more to the earth, they are lively as an animal's and as grave. When he comes to the wedding feast he is bitter, silent; his inner violence is thwarted of its outlet and comes out only in a wild, foolish rowdyism with the girls in the company. All through the play, in fact, this inner life of his is thwarted, dumb; the outer expression is half a mockery of it. In the last act he carries over him the ironic fatality of the animal in nature; he has tenderness and poignancy, bitter darkness and haunting, blind passion, and the bewildered soul of human life that is close to the earth but never wholly of it. In this rôle, different as is is from last year's, Ben-Ami reveals the same insight as before, the same power of simplification and intensity, the same spiritual realism and accurate translation of the body into the dramatic idea.

And yet The Idle Inn at the Plymouth could not be called a success. Critics who had seen it before at the Jewish Art Theatre were plainly disappointed on the first night, the audience perplexed. And the reasons are fairly clear.

In the first place the translation of the play is stale and inflexible, and too often without any flavor whatever. In the second place the play as produced at the Plymouth Theatre has not been allowed to be what it is first and last, a folk play. The entire fourth act is cut, moreover, and considerable cutting goes on throughout the three acts that remain. The innate quality of the play, which is the life of it, has not been trusted. The rich flavor is sponged down, the violence and racy abundance halved. The warmth of the family life of these Russian Jewish peasants is all lost in a kind of gray Plymouth Rock effect of fathers and uncles. The emotional rhythm of the scenes is slowed up and often sterilized. Even the setting of the third act which calls for a sight of the boards of the inn and for glimpses of the harvest fields beyond, all full of the necessary flavor of the moment, is changed to a meaningless blue night in a wood. And the mistrust of the play's quality shows even in a pruning of the translation, meagre as that is already, as when for one example "Sometimes it happens the cow refuses to leave the barn," good, racy, peasant idiom is flattened to "Perhaps she will refuse."

The gaiety and homely poetry and the swift underground forces that weave into The Idle Inn are not the grimmish, muted, simple affair that the production suggests. And the terror underlying the play is something as old as the race, a primeval thing, a kind of blurred religious mythology. It appears in the art of Knossos and other island races before history begins; it is in early poetry; and Mr. Robert Edmond Jones knew what it was when he designed that banquet scene in Macbeth last year. It is a terror out of the earth, out of vagueness and shadow, out of the double life stirring in man's soul and his body, out of our sense of sharing nature's laws without sharing her counsels. In it are the shiver and memory and the shudder of man's hidden origin and destiny. So much for Hirschbein's conception. The fear and dread at the Plymouth is only what one sees in a gypsy tale. It belongs to the boo-boo type of terror. But who is scared by someone's saying boo? Among the many unfortunate results of this cutting and booing and damping and taming down, the worst is that Ben-Ami with his vividness cannot subordinate himself in the scenes, or make the right ensemble with the surrounding flatness.

Here then are we with Ben-Ami, an actor who has a deep sincerity; who has a comic gift as well as tragic; an apt body and a fine mask; and a steadily improving English, which in the end, let us hope, will be as strange to Broadway by its correctness as it was last year by its foreignness. He has a profound desire for all the most varied and passionate and beautiful forms of dramatic writing; and a taste and long training for the needed repertory system. And last he has a complete and generous wish for excellence down to the very smallest parts on the stage not around him but with him. I should have to be curdled in cynicism not to believe that the presence of such a man there must mean a great deal to the poets and playwrights and actors who are trying to shape their lives around the art of the theatre. It could mean almost as much, though not with the same creative urgency, to all such people as would like to see Ibsen played sometimes, Ghosts, say or Peer Gynt—for which Ben-Ami would seem to be ideal—and to people who would like to see Chekhov, whose greatness we know but whose work we have never seen greatly acted. And meantime Ben-Ami, who might surpass the gamut of Chekhov in his art, plays the garbled Idle Inn at the Plymouth and enters his second season through that first act with its slow levels of opacity.

STARK YOUNG.

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# A Week in D. H. Lawrence

*Sea and Sardinia, by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $5.00.*

BEAUTIFUL is the right word for Sea and Sardinia. It is a book shot through with beauty. Yet it is n inept and silly exhibition, in many ways, which makes t very hard to criticize.

"I like Italian newspapers," says Mr. Lawrence, "beause they say what they mean, and not merely what is nost convenient to say. We call it naïveté—I call it nanliness. Italian newspapers read as if they were written y men, and not by calculating eunuchs."

There you have Mr. Lawrence's present note. Maniness, by God, manliness. Kick your wife in the stomach. No damn nonsense about tenderness and sympathy, sweetiess and light. A certain amount about sunset and eveiing star, and a certain amount about cow droppings and he water-closet. A good deal about the maleness of the nale, written with a touch of femaleness. And, es, certainly, Sardinia. That's the subject of the ook.

This, if you like, is naturalness, a willed naturalness, nd it is amazingly interesting. Lawrence is not naturally iatural. He is, one surmises, the kind of person who ties iimself into black knots trying to decide the right and the vrong way of everything. He apparently suffers a great eal from the supposed unfriendliness and resistance of he world. He has still, in a remarkable state of preseration, the ordinary English middle-class horror of having is privacy invaded by a "bounder." "His mate was a it of a bounder. . . . He had dark eyes that seemed to sk too much. . . . We rather fought shy of him." So e speaks about a youth in a motor bus who shouted "awkvard questions" in the centre of Sardinia. But, with this ight English conventionality and itching self-consciousess you have, inside the sufferer, one of the most hungry nd inflammable and rebellious of imaginations. No humor bout this fact whatever, but twenty times a proof that he life of the imagination is surging inside and unning out like a flame that wants to embrace and ick up the world. Hence, an exciting but not a mature ersonality.

Because he is everlastingly faithful to this personality f his, his Sardinia notebook gives one an excellent idea f Lawrence. We have him for a week, close-up, with a ointedly seen and swiftly changing background of Sarinia. Also we have a silhouette of his accompanying vife, a mere outlander who prices vegetables and shops or saddle-bags and wants to go to the marionette show nd is rather annoyingly interested in the native. She s a German. After the English fashion, she is never really ntroduced to us, but Mr. Lawrence nods at her with a ague head. He calls her the q-b, queen bee. Had he ome from Peoria he'd indicate her as the squaw. But n essence if not in the idiom of his facetiousness D. H. awrence does come from Peoria. He is the Middle Vesterner athirst for beauty, aflame with imagination, nd aching with ideas as with apples devoured green.

To specify those green ideas is hardly necessary, but ou may observe Mr. Lawrence in the rôle of the satiated esthete: "Life is life and things are things. I am sick f gaping *things,* even Peruginos. I have had my thrills rom Carpaccio and Botticelli. But now I've had enough. But I can always look at an old, grey-bearded peasant in his earthy white drawers and his black waist-frill, wearing no coat or over-garment, but just crooking along beside his little ox-wagon. I am sick of 'things,' even Perugino." Back to the ox-wagon! Or the sound, basic sex war. Or the dear love of freedom. "How glad to be on a ship! What a golden hour for the heart of man! Ah, if one could sail forever, on a small quiet, lonely ship, from land to land and isle to isle, and saunter through the spaces of this lovely world, always through the spaces of this lovely world. Sweet it would be sometimes to come to the opaque earth," and so on. It reads like one of the happiest flights of Gilbert and Sullivan, or like the Gimbel man trying to imitate the nobly seraphic style of the Wanamaker man. But it is D. H. Lawrence when soulful: "the opaque earth, to block oneself against the stiff land, to annul the vibration of one's flight against the inertia of our *terra firma!* but life itself would be in the flight, the tremble of space. Ah the trembling of never-ended space, as one moves in flight! Space, and the frail vibration of space, the glad lonely wringing of the heart."

It is a mood, but the "ahs!" and the "ohs!" and the repetitions and the sighs and the sobs and the susurrus have the ineffable ululation of the sophomore. It is true mid-Victorian gush, giving us the "small, quiet, lonely ship" without a destination, without a cockroach. "Oh, God," exclaims Mr. Lawrence at Nuoro, "what a blessed relief, to be with people who don't bother to show off." But these purple patches, these flights to freedom and glad lonely wringings of the heart, are just as much showing-off as Victorian wax-flowers and castles in cork. They exaggerate human susceptibility. They are embarrassingly artistic.

Mr. Lawrence is not dishonest. He suffers honestly from exaggerated susceptibility. Being the kind of susceptible man to whom personal contacts present an enormous problem, and consequently the kind of man who is often thrown out of delicate adjustment into exasperation and annoyance and resentment, it is natural for him to seek recompense in the sights and scenes around him, and in erotic daydreams possibly, and in a voluptuous imagining as to history and as to the meaning of symbols and the shape and stamp and ring of lovely words themselves. So, when he leaves out or lifts us over his grinding account of his own temperament and exhibits the attunements of that temperament in wintry but colored Sardinia, we have a superb chance to enjoy Sardinia. For D. H. Lawrence is so suceptible, so saturable, that what one receives (outside his agacement and his human judgments) is as keen a sense of actual experience as any traveler ever gave. And this without any of the ordinary intellectual, historical, social aids and with less than the ordinary ascertainment of the views and feelings of the primitive people who live in Sardinia.

Because what D. H. Lawrence communicates is his own feeling. He gives us the stone-damp houses, the innkeeper with a wine-dripped shirt-front, the nerve-drained bus driver who is yet such a smooth master of his machine, the priest with a long nose who spits, the young wife restless from her bridal bed, the little cabin in the ship with a panelled slide-door and no room to move, the icy dawn that is like the kiss of a corpse, the kid roasted in front of a roaring oak-root fire, the impudent peddler packed with aqua vitae, the Italians sugary with sympathy and linked together in fondness, with feelings as nude as sausages. Whatever Lawrence experiences he experiences with full

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savor, and he has retrieved an astounding number of his experiences in this book of Sardinia.

Yet it is the book of an aesthetic parvenu, just as Jan Juta's striking poster-like illustrations are parvenu illustrations. What I feel is that Mr. Lawrence owes me a rather better understanding of himself. I am not afraid of the word posterior or rump, and I am willing he should explode into poesy or antique postures or tell me about the "timeless glamour of those Middle Ages when men were lordly and violent and shadowed with death," and swallowed nail-parings and believed in witches and never washed their feet. But it makes me tired to read an accepted artist who doesn't accept himself, who is still occupied with the bourgeois bogey and who cannot escape into life. The impersonal cicerone, after all, has much to be said for him, especially in a book with a subject like this. For with the impersonal cicerone such as Gissing one is allowed to see the light stream through the many-colored dome. With Lawrence the light, much of the time, streams *on* the dome. It is, I believe, a question of more and less. But with an introvert so pronounced as Lawrence it must take years before he learns to command his personality rather than doat on it.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

# Leviathan

*Herman Melville: Mariner and Mystic, by Raymond M. Weaver. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3.50.*

STEVENSON called Melville "a howling cheese," which, as Mr. Weaver twice unnecessarily reminds us, is slangy. But it says more than most of Mr. Weaver's comments in literary English. For Mr. Weaver is nothing if not literary, and his references to the world's Great Authors are exhaustive and exhausting. Perhaps it is fitting that a book about Melville should be a higgledy-piggledy of sound information and miscellaneous pedantry, because Melville himself mixed sperm oil and Socrates in bewildering fashion. Nevertheless it is a pity that Mr. Weaver did not simplify his story and cut out most of his irrelevant references to allusions.

Melville's work, his character and career, his reputation before and after his death are a strange and interesting confusion which needs to be straightened out and explained without palaver. An eccentric genius ought to have a clear-headed biographer. Why lug in Baudelaire, Zola, Hardy, Meredith, Francis Thompson, and others who had nothing to do with the case? Melville carried an enormous cargo, and it is the biographer's business to put it in order, not to add to it. There may be some truth in Mr. Weaver's awful phrase: "Melville's writing is distinctly disquieting in devastating insight." But the biographer ought not to increase our disquiet by that kind of writing and make us at the very start distrust his insight. It is hard navigating. And only the fascinating interest of following Melville's course keeps up our spirits and compels us to plough ahead.

In spite of its distinctly devastating faults, Mr. Weaver's book is important on account of its subject, and must go on the shelf beside Moby Dick. Melville survived so many extraordinary fortunes and misfortunes that he can carry his biography without feeling the weight of it. I have read somewhere, perhaps in Moby Dick, that whales have parasites on their bellies, like barnacles on a ship, which do not bother them much, or, as Mr. Weaver would say, act as "aching frustrations."

That is what Melville is. He is a whale (rather than a cheese) like his own floundering and fugitive hero. The pursuit of him through the seas of literature is a thrilling adventure, and baffling. The bibliography makes you rub your eyes and ask what year of the world it is. Moby Dick was published in 1851, when Melville was thirty-two. Forty years later he died in obscurity, and, so far as his earnings went, in poverty. The literary navigators Stevenson, Clark Russell, Louis Becke, never lost sight of him. But from the vision of mere readers of romance the whale had disappeared, sunk to the bottom of the sea. Ten years ago all of Melville's books that I could find, in an available edition, were the four volumes, reprinted by Lauriat of Boston from Stedman's edition: Typee, Omoo, Moby Dick, White Jacket. Within two years I have read in every literary journal that I am accustomed to see English and American, an article in praise of Melville or at least a favorable reference to him. It is queer and unaccountable. Thirty years after his death, seventy years after his best work was done, Melville has come up from the bottom and is spouting all over the raging main of criticism. The typewriting sailors like Mr. McFee and the critical land-lubbers who get seasick at office desks are all crying: "Thar she blows *and* spouts *and* belches. Britons and Americans, even those who are inclined to regard most American writers as small fry, agree that this whale is a considerable monster. And in this pleasant concord the hands are really stretched across the sea.

It is unaccountable and delightful. Perhaps one way of accounting for it is this: In our generation, when the land has been infested by realism, many writers of talent have turned to the seas, especially the tropic seas, for romance and beauty. Though nothing is quite new in literature and though in English literature there has been an almost continuous line of nautical yarn spinners in prose and verse for three hundred years, yet it is fair to say that there is today a new and original group of writers about the sea, men who have explored the great waters with vision and imagination as vividly fresh as if the old ocean had just been discovered. It is not a school or a cult, but it is a recognizable group, with Conrad supreme in the centre though not solitary; for about him are Masefield, McFee, and others. Undoubtedly their work and their critical acknowledgments have revived interest in their masters, in the older seafaring romancers. That is one reason why Melville is better known in 1921 than he was in 1890.

Will he ever be known to any large body of readers as large as we reckon not readers of Mr. Wright and Mr. Chambers, but readers who like a good story and might be persuaded to try Conrad? I think not, though I have no statistics to go on. The reason for my doubt is that Melville was not a story-teller; he did not know how or perhaps care how, to make a tale for the tale's sake. That is why he was so long neglected, why his ship got lost (or his whale went to the bottom), while Cooper and lesser men sail on forever. Melville will remain a writer's writer, cherished by those who can enjoy amazing pages without much concern about the sequence of the pages or about how anything "comes out." The ordinary reader, even a fairly intelligent reader, will not have patience to chase that whale.

JOHN MACY.

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# Gossip With a Purpose

*Washington Close-Ups, by Edward G. Lowry. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.00.*

PERHAPS some will feel that a book on so slight a theme does not call for critical comment. Were this book like some others of a biographical nature which have recently come from the publishers I should agree. But these are neither pen sketches done in black and white nor are they splotches of color done with realistic malice. These sketches, some of which have appeared in the New Republic, form a real contribution to our knowledge of American politics, such as we obtain at times in conversation from one who has experienced much but not forgotten that although the men we have about us are pretty much the type of men we are going to have in years to come, yet it is only the foolish who do not insist upon discriminating among the members of the stock in hand. Have you an acquaintance who in the hottest political fighting has the reputation of seeing how different are the purposes of men from what they seem to be? Sometimes he is decidedly worth listening to, whether you decide to follow him or not.

As you run your eye down the table of contents you find many familiar names. A few seem out of place; Adee, for example. But when you read that he has been in the diplomatic service forty-seven years, and of these has been for thirty-five years Assistant Secretary of State, and that such different men as Cleveland and Blaine found him indispensable, you must admit an interest in this American who was born in 1842 and who speaks and writes French, German, Italian and Spanish. And when you have finished, you reflect, if you have read with profit, upon the dearth of such figures in American public life and the reasons therefor. Perhaps that is why Mr. Lowry included this sketch.

Of the outstanding personalities of the present or recent moments, Harding, Lodge, Hughes, Wood, Taft, Pershing, Simms and Underwood, there is little that is new. The sketch of Lodge is, I think, the unfairest in the book, unless it be that of Pershing. The sketch of Hoover is a gem.

But Mr. Lowry knows enough of the soil of America to be revealed at his best when he is discussing Bryan, Johnson, Norris, LaFollette, Borah, Hays and McCormick. To call Bryan a troubadour was not original, but from rich personal experience to present a picture of Mr. Bryan on tour in such a way as to make such an application just, is an achievement. Only as the historians come to realize this aspect of Bryan will they correctly appraise his undeniable influence. This is to reveal the fact that a basic value of this book lies in its lack of reliance upon sources from which history is usually written. It is important that at Valley Junction, Iowa, Mr. Bryan had two bowls of milk toast for breakfast, and that the baggage man on the train during the course of an entire day ran back every time the train stopped to hear Mr. Bryan speak from the rear car of the train. It is not probable that any considerable number of the prominent diplomats or statesmen of the present day will consider that it is important, but Mr. Lowry knows better than they for he has sensed the various elements that actually enliven American life.

The faults of Mr. Lowry's own method are revealed in his sketch of LaFollette. Mr. Lowry undertakes to point out that LaFollette has no sense of proportion. Others have done that. But he undertakes to suggest that Mr. LaFollette would have fared better had he read George Santayana, particularly his essay on English Liberty in America. The point is that LaFollette reading Santayana would find in it, not the moderation, not to say accommodation, that Lowry does, but would find his own message just as he has done in all else that he has touched, in Hamlet and in Iago, that is a message to satisfy his own impulse. It is of course highly doubtful whether that particular essay has any true application to conditions that LaFollette met in Wisconsin. Perhaps there is an application in Georgia or in Massachusetts. One might advance the view that Lodge has made an application, but what of the result?

Some day a better book than this will be written by a man who will, it is to be hoped, possess the frank enthusiasm of the author, but who, in addition to showing clearly that there are many different types of Americans, will show by a sketch and analysis of the mental and physical background of the people from which they came, why there are such leaders. Such a book will do more than present the outstanding political personalities of a generation. It will effect an explanation of these types to the people of other sections. However true this picture of Lodge may be, few in Milwaukee will understand. I doubt very much whether Idaho will realize the value of Mellon, and I know that those east of Buffalo will read with no understanding, if they read at all, these vivid sketches of America's political insurgents.

In these twenty-four sketches we find no representative of the seething millions as imaged by our radicals. These men have all arrived. But the amazing fact is that they are not of one class. They represent as many Americas as there are sections in this vast country. No better evidence have we than in this survey of leadership of the permanence of the pioneer tradition. We are still in the making. At some later time such a book as this may include a representative or so of the New America. Is there any significance in the fact that there are only two Democrats in this list? If so, what is it? E. E. R.

# Blood of Conquerors

*The Blood of the Conquerors, by Harvey Fergusson. New York: Alfred Knopf. $2.50.*

IF you dip into one of Zane Grey's novels you will find a sort of purple torrent of nonsense that in its own way gets along, carried and lighted with no little honest confusion and zeal. But in the end nonsense, whether western or no. If you dip back into that much prized novel, The Virginian, you will be shocked to find what it is like nowadays. How seriously people spoke of it; and at twenty years' distance may do so still! But on reacquaintance what journalism it turns out to be, though effective sometimes, what vim and sentimentality, what false bravado and strenuous life, and prudery! It might have been written by a kind of Rooseveltian old maid. But the promise of Mr. Fergusson's first novel and the encouraging thing about it is that none of this mincing and arranging appears. He is native to his scene and his people; and that perhaps helps him, together with his talent, to write of them without footlights, journalism or sentiment.

Ramon Delcasar is the son of a long tradition of landowners, hidalgos in a way, descended from those conquistadores who had brought with them from Spain such a mass of lordly heritages, pride, indolence, honor, bravery,

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passion, vanity and ease. From the law college in St. Louis he comes vaguely back to his own country, falls in love with a girl from the East, and gets all fired with ambition and thirst for power. But this girl has always been told what to do, what to think, and what to marry. And what between her mother and her brother with his hemorrhages she is finally dragged away and married to a New Yorker. Later during this husband's absence she recalls her Western lover; but nothing follows that passionate ten days, and Ramon goes back to take up his life again. Meanwhile he has been struggling to make a place for himself among his own blood. He has become rich from his uncle's death. And then in the end his heritage is so strong within him that he fades back into the old life of his forefathers, is lost to the town and to county politics, and settles into his farm with the Spanish squaw by whom he has already had a child.

This of course sounds like the regular farrago. It would be that and commonplace and foolish enough if it were seen with the eyes of stale romance, hot blood, hidalgos, guitars, whiskey and cowboy swash. But there is nothing like that; the moods; the vain, high spirit; the capacity for violent if not sustained effort, the uneven persistence; are always, if not quite adequately done, at least soundly convincing. The story moves straight, without any apparent consciousness that there is anything that ought to come out right or that there are complications that ought to be coated with psychology, ethics, or reflection; and yet I felt that the author always knew his complexities and motivations and chose to show them by means of the story itself, by the honest and dependable development that he could give his outline. The quiet mind with which he takes his account of life is itself Western in quality; and is, moreover, what makes the book the pleasant reminder that it is of Spanish writing. The Blood of the Conquerors has something in it of the manner in which these Spaniards take up their subjects, warmly but not fussily. In fact Mr. Fergusson's book is like Pío Baroja's La feria de los discretos in pattern, though not so bright-lighted or cynically romantic or profound. But, unlike Baroja, its greatest defect is the lack of any carrying style. Often the writing is not simple but merely perfunctory and flat. I got the impression only too often that many things, natural setting, episodes and so on, were felt well enough and surely enough but were not happily conveyed. The style does not carry really the author's matter; he has invented much more than his medium conveys; and has conceived more than he has quite seen. And this more than anything else is what leaves the Blood of the Conquerors more interesting as a first novel than as a round achievement. S. Y.

# The Evolution of World Peace

*The Evolution of World-Peace, edited by F. S. Marvin. New York: Oxford University Press. $4.75.*

OUTSIDE the university system in England, there are schools of thought, like the Fabian Society or the Civic Education League, which resemble not a little the ancient Academy of Athens. One of these is the Unity School, whose fourth series of lectures has just been put together under the title, The Evolution of World-Peace. Each of these institutions is in reality a School for Social Research; and its summer meeting is devoted to the exposition of a central doctrine whose application to the current order the group seeks to effect. The doctrines that have inspired the lectures which have been previously issued under the editorship of Mr. F. S. Marvin are the unity of western civilization, the reality of progress, and the gradual incorporation of the world polity whose various communities shall live in peace. The present volume moves a step nearer contemporary affairs, and the papers promised for next year, on the relation of the Europeans to "backward" peoples will doubtless serve to tighten the bond between historical scholarship and the practical need of the moment. It is not a surprise, therefore, to find Mr. H. G. Wells a member of the Unity Group; for if he has not initiated this movement, his Outline has at any rate given it a tremendous impetus.

The first eight chapters of the Evolution of World-Peace are an "attempt to describe in some detail a few of the main stages" of the process through which communities "have become larger, and all the world has come into touch." There is an exposition of Alexander and Hellenism by Professor Arnold Toynbee and Mr. F. S. Marvin, a review of the work of Rome, by Sir Paul Vinogradoff, and sundry chapters on The Mediaeval Church, on Grotius and International Law, on the French Revolution, and on the Congress and Settlement of Vienna. The lucid scholarship of the writers is so admirably maintained in these papers that the central doctrine, when all is said and done, fares rather badly. Instead of the gradual evolution of World-Peace this survey discloses no more than a series of sporadic attempts, with great gaps both in space and time, to establish a world government. This is not very assuring, for there does not seem to be any direct correlation between the growth of world government and the establishment of a state free from bellicose intrusion. On the contrary, an historic chart would show, I believe, that as governments have grown in power, and as their centralizing and unifying processes have increased, wars have been more frequent in occurrence, have involved greater numbers of people, and have wrought greater devastation. The upshot of the universalist ideas of the French Revolution, which Mr. G. P. Gooch so frankly admires, has been the institution of a multitude of obstreperous nationalisms, each seeking to inflict its conception of "civilization" upon remote and adjacent communities.

In other words, it is possible that political unification, which began in Europe with Alexander, works against the modern movement of science and technology; in the sphere of international relations there may be such a conflict as Mr. Thorstein Veblen has pointed out in the economic world, between "business," which seeks to isolate pecuniary profits for limited groups, and technology, which works steadily for the service of the community at large. A study of the evolution of world peace which minimizes these counter forces, or which actually seeks to credit them to progress, has not dealt faithfully with the situation. If we wish to know how to work through the present muddle we must know the worst; and in the Evolution of World-Peace the worst has not been told, or at least, it has not been critically appraised.

The concluding chapters of the book, which deal with the possibilities of making history, rather than with the lesson of the past, throw one into a somewhat more hopeful mood. Mr. Wells has written an eloquent apology for a World Utopia, and in the course of it he manages, with his usual intellectual vivacity, to show the value of deliberate planning for the future; to explain the nature of the modern community, as opposed to the pattern formed in Europe

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ıder a cruder system of communication; to demonstrate e baffling absurdities of national boundaries, and to argue e necessity for an enormous educational effort. Miss leen Power concludes on the Wellsian note by discussg the relation of the teaching of history to world-peace. It is unfortunate for the "appeal to history" that these ıal chapters seem the strongest in the book. Oscar Wilde id once that it was a poor map of the world that did not ntain Utopia; and it is apparent, when the intellectual undation for our hopes is so weak, that the ability to ticipate a different world is one of the conditions that ll mitigate our fatal ignorance in dealing with the esent one. Out of this survey one fact emerges: the ltural basis for a world community has been laid. One estion remains: what shall be the nature of the political perstructure? The Unity School is inclined to build the established political order; and the critical observer ıst try to determine for himself whether that order has en permanently established—or whether there does not ist, outside it, the seed of a different society. Economists e Mr. Veblen seem to regard the present order as inrently at odds with itself, and bound—if it is not to rish—to effect a new integration. If they are right, nething like an economic revolution will be necessary fore the régime of live and let live will prevail throughı the planet.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

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